

# Poems of Patriotism

Edgar A  
Guest

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# Poems of Patriotism

*By*  
**Edgar A. Guest**

*Verse—*

The Passing Throng  
A Heap o' Livin'  
Just Folks  
The Path to Home  
Poems of Patriotism  
When Day Is Done

*Illustrated—*

All That Matters

*Prose—*

Making the House a Home  
My Job as a Father

# Poems of Patriotism

By *Albert*  
Edgar A. Guest



The Reilly & Lee Co.  
Chicago

KE



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*Poems of Patriotism*

*To the Soldiers of  
The American Legion —  
Living and Dead*

## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Poems of Patriotism was originally published in 1918 — at the height of the World War — under the title "Over Here." In that year "Over There" and "Over Here" had a special significance, that has passed with the years.

The Reverend William L. Stidger, a noted critic, says this collection embraces writing that "strikes the clearest notes of true poetry — some of the finest poetry of patriotism that has ever been written in America." And so, the publishers feel, the title "Poems of Patriotism" better comprehends the contents of this volume.

In this new edition five of Mr. Guest's finest poems of war days — written after "Over Here" was published — have been substituted for poems that may not properly be classified as poems of patriotism. These new poems are:

They Will Return  
What He Learned  
Don't Overdo It  
Comrades All  
The Soldier Homeward Bound

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# Poems of Patriotism

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## *They Will Return*

They will not come in swinging line,  
They will not march along the street,  
But they will see each tender sign  
We make for those we long to greet.  
They'll see the tears in gentle eyes  
That watch the broken ranks go by,  
They'll hear the mothers' sobs and sighs  
And understand the reason why.  
The missing brave, for whom we yearn  
In victory's hour, will all return.

Because his comrades left him there  
To sleep 'neath Flanders' poppy rows,  
Think not that he will fail to share  
In all the praise the world bestows.  
Think not that he will fail to hear  
The music and the shouts of joy;  
He will be always hovering near.  
Oh, mother of each missing boy,  
He'll know across life's dusky rim,  
That all your smiles are meant for him!



When they return to sound of cheers,  
And all their cruel tasks are done,  
The shouts the living soldier hears  
Will also reach the absent one.  
When all the battle flags are furled  
And peace has come to every land,  
The joy that reigns throughout the world  
The dead will know and understand.  
They will be near to hear and see  
And share in victory's jubilee.

## *Why We Fight*

This is the thing we fight:  
A cry of terror in the night;  
A ship on work of mercy bent —  
    A carrier of the sick and maimed —  
Beneath the cruel waters sent,  
    And those that did it, unashamed.

A woman who had tried to fill  
A mother's place; had nursed the ill  
And soothed the troubled brows of pain  
    And earned the dying's grateful prayers,  
Before a wall by soldiers slain!  
    And such a poor pretext was theirs!

Old women pierced by bayonets grim  
And babies slaughtered for a whim,  
Cathedrals made the sport of shells,  
    No mercy, even for a child,  
As though the imps of all the hells  
    Were crazed with drink and running wild.

All this we fight — that some day when  
Good sense shall come again to men,  
Our children's children may not read  
    This age's history thus defamed  
And find we served a selfish creed  
    And ever be of us ashamed!

## *America*

God has been good to men. He gave  
His Only Son their souls to save,  
And then he made a second gift,  
Which from their dreary lives should lift  
The tyrant's yoke and set them free  
From all who'd throttle liberty.  
He gave America to men —  
Fashioned this land we love, and then  
Deep in her forests sowed the seed  
Which was to serve man's earthly need.

When wisps of smoke first upwards curled  
From pilgrim fires, upon the world  
Unnoticed and unseen, began  
God's second work of grace for man.  
Here where the savage roamed and fought,  
God sowed the seed of nobler thought;  
Here to the land we love to claim,  
The pioneers of freedom came;  
Here has been cradled all that's best  
In every human mind and breast.

For full four hundred years and more  
Our land has stretched her welcoming shore  
To weary feet from soils afar;  
Soul-shackled serfs of king and czar  
Have journeyed here and toiled and sung

And talked of freedom to their young,  
And God above has smiled to see  
This precious work of liberty,  
And watched this second gift He gave  
The dreary lives of men to save.

And now, when liberty's at bay,  
And blood-stained tyrants force the fray,  
Worn warriors, battling for the right,  
Crushed by oppression's cruel might,  
Hear in the dark through which they grope  
America's glad cry of hope:  
Man's liberty is not to die!  
America is standing by!  
World-wide shall human lives be free:  
America has crossed the sea!

America! the land we love!  
God's second gift from Heaven above,  
Built and fashioned out of truth,  
Sinewed by Him with splendid youth  
For that glad day when shall be furled  
All tyrant flags throughout the world.  
For this our banner holds the sky:  
That liberty shall never die.  
For this, America began:  
To make a brotherhood of man.

## *The Time for Deeds*

We have boasted our courage in moments of ease,  
Our star-spangled banner we've flung on the  
breeze;

We have taught men to cheer for its beauty and  
worth,

And have called it the flag of the bravest on earth.  
Now the dark days are here, we must stand to  
the test.

Oh, God! let us prove we are true to our best!

We have drunk to our flag, and we've talked of  
the right,

We have challenged oppression to show us its  
might;

We have strutted for years through the world  
as a race

That for God and for country, earth's tyrants  
would face;

Now the gage is flung down, hate is loosed in the  
world.

Oh, God! shall our flag in dishonor be furled?

We have said we are brave; we have preached  
of the truth,

We have walked in conceit of the strength of our  
youth;

We have mocked at the ramparts and guns of the  
foe,

As though we believed we could laugh them all  
low.

Now oppression has struck! We are challenged  
to fight!

Oh, God! let us prove we can stand for the right!

If in honor and glory our flag is to wave,  
If we are to keep this — the land of the brave;  
If more than fine words are to fashion our  
creeds,

Now must our hands and our hearts turn to deeds.  
We are challenged by tyrants our strength to  
reveal!

Oh, God! let us prove that our courage is real!

## *Everywhere in America*

Not somewhere in America, but everywhere to-day,  
Where snow-crowned mountains hold their heads,  
the vales where children play,  
Beside the bench and whirring lathe, on every  
lake and stream  
And in the depths of earth below, men share a  
common dream —  
The dream our brave forefathers had of freedom and of right,  
And once again in honor's cause, they rally and  
unite.

Not somewhere in America is love of country  
found,  
But east and west and north and south once  
more the bugles sound,  
And once again, as one, men stand to break  
their brother's chains,  
And make the world a better place, where only  
justice reigns.  
The patriotism that is here, is echoed over there,  
The hero at a certain post is on guard everywhere.  
O'er humble home and mansion rich the starry  
banner flies,  
And far and near throughout the land the men  
of valor rise.

The flag that flutters o'er your home is fluttering  
far away  
O'er homes that you have never seen. The same  
impulses sway  
The souls of men in distant states. The red, the  
white and blue  
Means to one hundred million strong, just what  
it means to you.  
The self-same courage resolute you feel and  
understand  
Is throbbing in the breasts of men throughout  
this mighty land.  
Not somewhere in America, but everywhere to-  
day,  
For justice and for liberty all free men work  
and pray.



*The Things That Make a Soldier  
Great*

The things that make a soldier great and send  
him out to die,  
To face the flaming cannon's mouth, nor ever  
question why,  
Are lilacs by a little porch, the row of tulips red,  
The peonies and pansies, too, the old petunia bed,  
The grass plot where his children play, the roses  
on the wall:  
'Tis these that make a soldier great. He's fight-  
ing for them all.

'Tis not the pomp and pride of kings that make  
a soldier brave;  
'Tis not allegiance to the flag that over him may  
wave;  
For soldiers never fight so well on land or on  
the foam  
As when behind the cause they see the little place  
called home.  
Endanger but that humble street whereon his  
children run —  
You make a soldier of the man who never bore  
a gun.

What is it through the battle smoke the valiant  
soldier sees?

The little garden far away, the budding apple  
trees,  
The little patch of ground back there, the children  
at their play,  
Perhaps a tiny mound behind the simple church  
of gray.  
The golden thread of courage isn't linked to  
castle dome  
But to the spot, where'er it be — the humble spot  
called home.

And now the lilacs bud again and all is lovely  
there,  
And homesick soldiers far away know spring is  
in the air;  
The tulips come to bloom again, the grass once  
more is green,  
And every man can see the spot where all his  
joys have been.  
He sees his children smile at him, he hears the  
bugle call,  
And only death can stop him now — he's fight-  
ing for them all.

## *The Flag*

We never knew how much the Flag  
    Could mean, until he went away,  
We used to boast of it and brag,  
    As something of a by-gone day;  
But now the Flag can start our tears  
    In moments of our greatest joy,  
Old Glory in the sky appears  
    The symbol of our little boy.

We knew that sometimes people wept  
    To see the Flag go waving by,  
But never guessed the griefs they kept —  
    We never understood just why.  
But now our eyes grow quickly dim,  
    Our voices choke with sobs today;  
The Flag is telling us of him,  
    Our little boy who's gone away.

We never knew the Flag could be  
    So much a part of human life,  
We thought it beautiful to see  
    Before these bitter days of strife;  
But now more beautiful it gleams,  
    And deeper in our hearts it dwells;  
It is the emblem of our dreams,  
    For of our little boy it tells.

## *A Battle Prayer*

God of battles, be with us now:

Guard our sons from the lead of shame,  
Watch our sons when the cannons flame,  
Let them not to a tyrant bow.

God of battles, to Thee we pray:

Be with each loyal son who fights  
In the cause of justice and human rights,  
Grant him strength and lead the way.

God of battles, our youth we give

To the battle line on a foreign soil,  
To conquer hatred and lust and spoil;  
Grant that they and their cause shall live.

## *Good Luck*

Good luck! That's all I'm saying, as you sail  
    across the sea;  
The best o' luck, in the parting, is the prayer  
    you get from me.  
May you never meet a danger that you won't  
    come safely through,  
May you never meet a German that can get the  
    best of you;  
Oh! A thousand things may happen when a fel-  
    low's at the front,  
A thousand different mishaps, but here's hoping  
    that they won't.

Good luck! That's all I'm saying, as you turn  
    away to go,  
Good luck and plenty of it, may it be your lot to  
    know;  
May you never meet rough weather, but remem-  
    ber if you do  
That the folks at home are wishing that you'll all  
    come safely through.  
Oh! A thousand things may happen when a fel-  
    low bears the brunt  
Of His Country's fight for glory, but I'm pray-  
    ing that they won't.

Good luck! That's all I'm saying as you're fall-  
    ing into line;

May the splendor of your service bring you  
everything that's fine;  
May the fates deal kindly with you, may you  
never know distress,  
And may every task you tackle end triumphant  
with success.  
Oh! A thousand things may happen that with  
joy your life will fill;  
You may not get all the gladness, but I'm hoping  
that you will.

*A Prayer, 1918*

Oh, make us worthy,  
God, we pray,  
To do thy service  
Here to-day;  
Endow us with  
The strength we need  
For every  
Sacrificial deed!

## *The Change*

'Twas hard to think that he must go,  
We knew that we should miss him so,  
We thought that he must always stay  
Beside us, laughing, day by day;  
That he must never know the care  
And hurt and grief of life out there.  
Then came the call for youth, and he  
Talked with his mother and with me,  
And suddenly we learned the boy  
Was hungering to know the joy  
Of doing something real with life,  
And that he craved the test of strife.

And so we steeled ourselves to dread;  
To see at night his empty bed;  
To feel the silence and the gloom  
That hovers o'er his vacant room,  
And though we wept the day he went,  
And many a lonely hour we've spent,  
We've come to think as he, somehow,  
And we are more contented now;  
We're proud that we can stand and say  
We have a boy who's gone away.  
And we are glad to know that he  
Is serving where he ought to be.

It's queer, the change that time has brought;  
We're different now in speech and thought;

His letters home mean joy to us,  
His difficulties we discuss.  
When word of his promotion came,  
His mother, with her eyes aflame  
With happiness and pride, rushed out  
To tell the neighbors round about.  
Her boy! Her boy is doing well!  
What greater news can mothers tell?  
I think that pity now we show  
For those who have no boys to go.



## *Mothers and Wives*

Mothers and wives, 'tis the call to arms  
That the bugler yonder prepares to sound;  
We stand on the brink of war's alarms  
And your men may lie on a bloodstained  
ground.

The drums may play and the flags may fly,  
And our boys may don the brown and blue,  
And the call that summons brave men to die  
Is the call for glorious women, too.

Mothers and wives, if the summons comes,  
You, as ever since war has been,  
Must hear with courage the rolling drums  
And dry your tears when the flags are seen.  
For never has hero fought and died  
Who has braver been than the mother, who  
Buckled his saber at his side,  
And sent him forward to dare and do.

Mothers and wives, should the call ring out,  
It is you must answer your country's cry;  
You must furnish brave hearts and stout  
For the firing line where the heroes die.  
And never a corpse on the field of strife  
Should be honored more in his country's sight  
Than the noble mother or noble wife  
Who sent him forth in the cause of right.

Mothers and wives, 'tis the call for men  
To give their strength and to give their lives;  
But well we know, such a summons then  
Is the call for mothers and loyal wives.  
For you must give us the strength we need,  
You must give us the boys in blue,  
For never a boy or a man shall bleed  
But a mother or wife shall suffer, too.

### *The Call to Service*

These are the days when little thoughts  
Must cease men's minds to occupy;  
The nation needs men's larger creeds,  
Big men must answer to her cry;  
No longer selfish ways we tread,  
The greater task lies just ahead.

These are the days when petty things  
By all men must be thrust aside;  
The country needs men's finest deeds,  
Awakened is the nation's pride;  
Men must forsake their selfish strife  
Once more to guard their country's life.

## *Kelly Ingram*

His name was Kelly Ingram; he was Alabama's  
son,  
And he whistled "Yankee Doodle," as he stood  
beside his gun;  
There was laughter in his make-up, there was  
manhood in his face,  
And he knew the best traditions and the courage  
of his race;  
Now there's not a heart among us but should  
swell with loyal pride  
When he thinks of Kelly Ingram and the splendid  
way he died.

On the swift Destroyer Cassin he was merely  
gunner's mate,  
But up there to-day, I fancy, he is standing with  
the great.  
On that grim day last October his position on  
the craft  
Was that portion of the vessel which the sailors  
christen aft;  
There were deep sea bombs beside him to be  
dropped upon the Hun  
Who makes women folks his victims and then  
gloats o'er what he's done.

From the lookout came a warning; came the  
cry all sailors fear,

A torpedo was approaching, and the vessel's  
doom was near;  
Ingram saw the streak of danger, but he saw a  
little more,  
A greater menace faced them than that missile  
had in store;  
If those deep sea bombs beside him were not  
thrown beneath the wave,  
Every man aboard the Cassin soon would find a  
watery grave.

It was death for him to linger, but he figured  
if he ran  
And quit his post of duty, 'twould be death for  
every man;  
So he stood at his position, threw those depth  
bombs overboard,  
And when that torpedo struck them, he went  
forth to meet his Lord.  
Oh, I don't know how to say it, but these whole  
United States  
Should remember Kelly Ingram — he who died  
to save his mates.

## *The Joy to Be*

Oh, mother, be you brave of heart and keep  
your bright eyes shining;  
Some day the smiles of joy shall start and you  
shall cease repining.  
Beyond the dim and distant line the days of  
peace are waiting,  
When you shall have your soldier fine, and men  
shall turn from hating.

Oh, mother, bear the pain a-while, as long ago  
you bore it;  
You suffered then to win his smile, and you  
were happier for it;  
And now you suffer once again, and bear your  
weight of sorrow;  
Yet you shall thrill with gladness when he wins  
the glad to-morrow.

Oh, mother, when the cannons roar and all the  
brave are fighting,  
Remember that the son you bore the wrongs  
of earth is righting;  
Remember through the hours of pain that he  
with all his brothers  
Is battling there to win again a happy world  
for mothers.

*If He Should Meet a Mother There*

If he should meet a mother there  
    Along some winding Flanders road,  
No extra touch of grief or care  
    He'll add unto her heavy load.  
But he will kindly take her arm  
    And tender as her son will be;  
He'll lead her from the path of harm  
    Because of me.

Be she the mother of his foe,  
    He will not speak to her in hate;  
My boy will never stoop so low  
    As motherhood to desecrate.  
But she shall know what once I knew —  
    Eyes that are glorious to see,  
The light of manhood shining through —  
    Because of me.

He will salute her as they meet,  
    And stand before her bare of head;  
If she be hungry, she may eat  
    His last remaining bit of bread.  
She'll find those splendid arms and strong  
    Quick to assist her, tenderly,  
And they will guard her from all wrong  
    Because of me.

I miss his thoughtful, loving care;  
I miss his smile these dreary days;  
But should he meet a mother there,  
Helpless and lost in war's grim maze,  
She need not fear to take his arm,  
As though she'd reared him at her knee;  
My son will shield her from all harm  
Because of me.

### *A Father's Tribute*

I don't know what they'll put him at, or what  
his post may be;  
I cannot guess the task that waits for him across  
the sea,  
But I have known him through the years, and  
when there's work to do,  
I know he'll meet his duty well, I'll swear that  
he'll be true.

I sometimes fear that he may die, but never that  
he'll shirk;  
If death shall want him death must go and take  
him at his work;  
This splendid sacrifice he makes is filled with  
terrors grim,  
And I have many thoughts of fear, but not one  
fear of him.

The foe may rob my life of joy, the foe may  
take my all,  
And desolate my days shall be if he shall have to  
fall,  
But this I know, whate'er may be the grief that  
I must face,  
Upon his record there will be no blemish of dis-  
grace.

His days have all been splendid days, there lies  
no broken trust  
Along the pathway of his youth to molder in  
the dust;  
Honor and truth have marked his ways, in him  
I can be glad;  
He is as fine and true a son as ever a father had.



## *Runner McGee*

(Who had "Return if Possible" Orders.)

"You've heard a good deal of the telephone wires," he said as we sat at our ease,  
And talked of the struggle that's taking men's lives  
in these terrible days o'er the seas,  
"But I've been through the thick of the thing  
and I know when a battle's begun,  
It isn't the phone you depend on for help. It's  
the legs of a boy who can run.

"It isn't because of the phone that I'm here.  
To-day you are talking to me  
Because of the grit and the pluck of a boy. His  
title was Runner McGee.  
We were up to our dead line an' fighting alone;  
some plan had miscarried, I guess,  
And the help we were promised had failed to  
arrive. We were showing all signs of  
distress.

"Our curtain of fire was ahead of us still, an'  
theirs was behind us an' thick,  
'An' there wasn't a thing we could do for our-  
selves—the few of us left had to stick.  
You haven't much chance to get central an' talk  
on the phone to the music of guns;  
Gettin' word to the chief is a matter right then  
that is up to the fellow who runs.

“ I'd sent four of 'em back with the R. I. P.  
sign, which means to return if you can,  
But none of 'em got through the curtain of fire;  
my hurry call died with the man.  
Then Runner McGee said he'd try to get through.  
I hated to order the kid  
On his mission of death; thought he'd never get  
by, but somehow or other he did.

“ Yes, he's dead. Died an hour after bringing  
us word that the chief was aware of our  
plight,  
An' for us to hang on to the ditch that we held;  
the reserves would relieve us at night.  
Then we stuck to our trench an' we stuck to our  
guns; you know how you'll fight when  
you know  
That new strength is coming to fill up the gaps.  
There's heart in the force of your blow.

“ It wasn't till later I got all the facts. They  
wanted McGee to remain.  
They begged him to stay. He had cheated death  
once an' was foolish to try it again.  
' R. I. P. are my orders,' he answered them all,  
' an' back to the boys I must go;  
Four of us died comin' out with the news. It  
will help them to know that you know.' ”

## *The Girl He Left Behind*

We used to think her frivolous — you know how  
parents are,  
A little quick to see the faults and petty flaws  
that mar  
The girl their son is fond of and may choose  
to make his wife,  
A little overjealous of the one who'd share his  
life;  
But the girl he left behind him when he bravely  
marched away  
Has blossomed into beauty that we see and need  
to-day.

She was with us at the depot, and we turned our  
backs a-while,  
And her eyes were sad and misty, though she  
tried her best to smile.  
Then she put her arm round mother, and it  
seemed to me as though  
They just grew to love each other, for they  
shared a common woe.  
Now she often comes to see us, and it seems  
to me we find  
A heap of solid comfort in the girl he left be-  
hind.

“ She's so sensible and gentle,” mother said last  
night to me,

“ The kind of girl I’ve often wished and prayed  
his wife would be.

And I like to have her near us, for she understands my sighs

And I see my brave boy smiling when I look into  
her eyes.”

Now the presence of his sweetheart seems to fill  
our home with joy.

She’s no longer young and flighty — she’s the  
girl who loves our boy.

## *A Patriotic Creed*

To serve my country day by day  
At any humble post I may ;  
To honor and respect her Flag,  
To live the traits of which I brag ;  
To be American in deed  
As well as in my printed creed.

To stand for truth and honest toil,  
To till my little patch of soil  
And keep in mind the debt I owe  
To them who died that I might know  
My country, prosperous and free,  
And passed this heritage to me.

I must always in trouble's hour  
Be guided by the men in power ;  
For God and country I must live,  
My best for God and country give ;  
No act of mine that men may scan  
Must shame the name American.

To do my best and play my part,  
American in mind and heart ;  
To serve the flag and bravely stand  
To guard the glory of my land ;  
To be American in deed,  
God grant me strength to keep this creed.

## *His Room*

His room is as it used to be  
    Before he went away,  
The walls still keep the pennants he  
    Brought home but yesterday.  
The picture of his baseball team  
    Still holds its favored spot,  
And oh, it seems a dreadful dream,  
    This age of shell and shot!

His golf clubs in the corner stand;  
    His tennis racket, too,  
That once the pressure of his hand  
    In times of laughter knew  
Is in the place it long has kept  
    For us to look upon.  
The room is as it was, except  
    The boy, himself, has gone.

The pictures of his girls are here,  
    Still smiling as of yore,  
And everything that he held dear  
    Is treasured as before.  
Into his room his mother goes  
    As usual, day by day,  
And cares for it, although she knows  
    Our boy is far away.

We keep it as he left it, when  
He bade us all good-bye,  
Though I confess that, now and then,  
We view it with a sigh.  
For never night shall thrill with joy  
Nor day be free from gloom  
Until once more our soldier boy  
Shall occupy his room.

### *Envy*

It's a bigger thing you're doing than the most  
of us have done;  
We have lived the days of pleasure; now the  
gray days have begun,  
And upon your manly shoulders fall the burdens  
of the strife;  
Yours must be the sacrifices of the trial time of  
life.  
Oh, I don't know how to say it, but I'll never  
think of you  
Without wishing I were sharing in the work you  
have to do.

I have never known a moment that was fraught  
with real care,  
Save the hurts and griefs of sorrow that all  
mortals have to bear;

With the gay and smiling marchers I have  
tramped on pleasant ways,  
And have paid with feeble service for the glad-  
ness of my days.  
But to you has come a summons, yours are days  
of sacrifice,  
And for all life has of sweetness you must pay  
a bitter price.

Men have fought and died before me, men must  
fight and die to-day,  
I have merely taken pleasures for which others  
had to pay;  
I have been a man of laughter, there's no path  
my feet have made,  
I have merely been a marcher in life's gaudy  
dress parade.  
But you wear the garb of service, you have splen-  
did deeds to do,  
You shall sound the depths of manhood, and my  
boy, I envy you.



## *For Your Boy and Mine*

Your dream and my dream is not that we shall  
rest,  
But that our children after us shall know life at  
its best;  
For all we care about ourselves — a crust of  
bread or two,  
A place to sleep and clothes to wear is all that  
we'd pursue.  
We'd tramp the world on sunny days, both light  
of heart and mind,  
And give no thought to days to come or days  
we leave behind.

Your dream and my dream is not that we shall  
play,  
But that our children after us shall tread a merry  
way.  
We brave the toil of life for them, for them we  
clamber high,  
And if 'twould spare them hurt and pain, for  
them we'd gladly die.  
If we had but ourselves to serve, we'd quit the  
ways of pride  
And with the simplest joys of earth we'd all be  
satisfied.

The best for them is what we dream. Our little  
girls and boys

Must know the finest life can give of comforts  
and of joys.

They must be shielded well from woe and kept  
secure from care,

And if we could, upon our backs, their burdens  
we would bear.

And so once more we rise to-day to face the bat-  
tle zone

That those who follow us may know the Flag  
that we have known.

Your dream and my dream is not that we shall  
live;

The greatest joys we hope to claim are those that  
we shall give.

We face the heat and strife of life, its battle and  
its toil

That those who follow us may know the best of  
freedom's soil.

And if we knew that by our death we'd keep that  
flag on high,

For your boy and my boy, how gladly we would  
die.

## *Soldierly*

The glory of a soldier — and a soldier's not a  
saint —  
Is the way he does his duty without grumbling  
or complaint;  
His work's not always pleasant, but he does it  
rain or shine,  
And he grabs a bit of glory when he's fighting  
in the line;  
But the lesson that he teaches every day to me  
an' you  
Is the way to do a duty that we do not like to do.

Any sort o' chap can whistle when his work is  
mostly fun;  
A hundred want the pleasant jobs to every sturdy  
one  
That'll grab the dreary duty an' the mean an'  
lowly task,  
Or the drab an' cheerless service that life often  
has to ask;  
But somebody has to do it, an' the test of me  
an' you  
Is the way we face the labor that we do not like  
to do.

Now, it isn't very pleasant standin' guard out in  
the rain

But it's in the line o' duty, an' no soldier will  
    complain,  
An' there isn't any soldier but what sometimes  
    hates his work  
When the dress parade is over, an' perhaps he'd  
    like to shirk,  
But he's there to follow orders, not to pick an'  
    choose his post,  
An' he sometimes shines the finest at the job  
    he hates the most.

Let's be soldiers in the struggle, let's be loyal  
    through and through;  
Life is going to give us duties that perhaps we'll  
    hate to do.  
There'll be little sacrifices that we will not like  
    to make,  
There'll be many tasks unpleasant that will fall  
    to us to take.  
An' although we all would rather do the work  
    that brings applause,  
Let's forget our whims and fancies an' just labor  
    for the cause.

## *The Alarm*

Get off your downy cots of ease,  
There's work that must be done.  
Great danger's riding on the seas.  
The storm is coming on.  
Don't think that it will quickly pass.  
Who smiles at distant fate,  
And waits until it strikes, alas!  
Has roused himself too late.

Who thinks the fight will end before  
The need of him arrives,  
Is lengthening this brutal war  
And costing many lives.  
For over us that storm shall break  
Ere many weeks have fled,  
And we shall pay for our mistake  
In fields of mangled dead.

Be ready when the foe shall near,  
Be there to strike him hard;  
Let us, though he be miles from here,  
Be standing now on guard.  
To-morrow's victories won't be won  
By pluck that we display  
To-morrow when the foe comes on,  
But by our work to-day.

## *The Boy Enlists*

His mother's eyes are saddened, and her cheeks  
are stained with tears,  
And I'm facing now the struggle that I've  
dreaded through the years;  
For the boy that was our baby has been changed  
into a man.  
He's enlisted in the army as a true American.

He held her for a moment in his arms before  
he spoke,  
And I watched him as he kissed her, and it  
seemed to me I'd choke,  
For I knew just what was coming, and I knew  
just what he'd done!  
Another little mother had a soldier for a son.

When we'd pulled ourselves together, and the  
first quick tears had dried,  
We could see his eyes were blazing with the fire  
of manly pride;  
We could see his head was higher than it ever  
was before,  
For we had a man to cherish, and our baby was  
no more.

Oh, I don't know how to say it! With the sor-  
row comes the joy

That there isn't any coward in the make-up of  
our boy.  
And with pride our hearts are swelling, though  
with grief they're also hit,  
For the boy that was our baby has stepped  
forth to do his bit.

### *The Mother Faith*

Little mother, life's adventure calls your boy  
away,  
Yet he will return to you on some brighter day;  
Dry your tears and cease to sigh, keep your  
mother smile,  
Brave and strong he will come back in a little  
while.

Little mother, heed them not — they who preach  
despair —  
You shall have your boy again, brave and oh,  
so fair!  
Life has need of him to-day, but with victory  
won,  
Safely life shall bring to you once again your  
son.

Little mother, keep the faith: not to death he  
goes;  
Share with him the joy of worth that your sol-  
dier knows.  
He is giving to the Flag all that man can give,  
And if you believe he will, surely he will live.

Little mother, through the night of his absence  
long,  
Never cease to think of him — brave and well  
and strong;  
You shall know his kiss again, you shall see his  
smile,  
For your boy shall come to you in a little while.



## *Thoughts of a Soldier*

Since men with life must purchase life  
And some must die that more may live,  
Unto the Great Cashier of strife  
A fine accounting let me give.  
Perhaps to-morrow I shall stand  
Before his cage, prepared to buy  
New splendor for my native land:  
Oh, God, then bravely let me die!

If after I shall fall, shall rise  
A fairer land than I have known,  
I shall not grudge my sacrifice,  
Although I pay the price alone.  
If still more beautiful to see  
The Stars and Stripes o'er men shall wave  
And finer shall my country be,  
To-morrow let me find my grave.

To-night life seems so fair and sweet,  
Yet tyranny is stalking here,  
And hate and lust and foul deceit  
Hang heavy on the atmosphere.  
Injustice seeks to throttle right,  
And laughter's stifled to a sigh.  
If death can take so great a blight  
From human lives, then let me die.

If death must be the cost of life,  
And freedom's terms are human souls,  
Into the thickest of the strife  
Then let me go to pay the tolls.  
I would enrich my native land,  
New splendor to her flag I'd give,  
If where I fall shall freedom stand,  
And where I die shall freedom live.

To-morrow death with me may trade;  
Let me not quibble o'er the price;  
But may I, once the bargain's made,  
With courage meet the sacrifice.  
If happiness for ages long  
My little term of life can buy,  
God, for my country make me strong;  
To-morrow let me bravely die.

## *The Flag on the Farm*

We've raised a flagpole on the farm  
And flung Old Glory to the sky,  
And it's another touch of charm  
That seems to cheer the passer-by,  
But more than that, no matter where  
We're laboring in wood and field,  
We turn and see it in the air,  
Our promise of a greater yield.  
It whispers to us all day long  
From dawn to dusk: "Be true, be strong;  
Who falters now with plough or hoe  
Gives comfort to his country's foe."

It seems to me I've never tried  
To do so much about the place,  
Nor been so slow to come inside,  
But since I've got the Flag to face,  
Each night when I come home to rest  
I feel that I must look up there  
And say: "Old Flag, I've done my best,  
To-day I've tried to do my share."  
And sometimes, just to catch the breeze,  
I stop my work, and o'er the trees  
Old Glory fairly shouts my way:  
"You're shirking far too much to-day!"

The help have caught the spirit, too;  
The hired man takes off his cap

Before the old red, white and blue,  
Then to the horses says: "Giddap!"  
And starting bravely to the field  
He tells the milkmaid by the door:  
"We're going to make these acres yield  
More than they've ever done before."  
She smiles to hear his gallant brag,  
Then drops a curtsy to the Flag,  
And in her eyes there seems to shine  
A patriotism that is fine.

We've raised a flagpole on the farm  
And flung Old Glory to the sky,  
We're far removed from war's alarm,  
But courage here is running high.  
We're doing things we never dreamed  
We'd ever find the time to do;  
Deeds that impossible once seemed  
Each morning now we hurry through.  
The Flag now waves above our toil  
And sheds its glory on the soil,  
And boy and man look up to it  
As if to say: "I'll do my bit!"

## *The Mother on the Sidewalk*

The mother on the sidewalk as the troops are  
marching by  
Is the mother of Old Glory that is waving in the  
sky.

Men have fought to keep it splendid, men have  
died to keep it bright,  
But that flag was born of woman and her suffer-  
ings day and night;  
'Tis her sacrifice has made it, and once more we  
ought to pray  
For the brave and loyal mother of the boy that  
goes away.

There are days of grief before her, there are  
hours that she will weep,  
There are nights of anxious waiting when her  
fear will banish sleep;  
She has heard her country calling and has risen  
to the test,  
And has placed upon the altar of the nation's  
need, her best.  
And no man shall ever suffer in the turmoil of  
the fray  
The anguish of the mother of the boy who goes  
away.

You may boast men's deeds of glory, you may  
tell their courage great,

But to die is easier service than alone to sit and  
wait,  
And I hail the little mother, with the tear-stained  
face and grave  
Who has given the Flag a soldier—she's the  
bravest of the brave.  
And that banner we are proud of, with its red  
and blue and white  
Is a lasting tribute holy to all mothers' love of  
right.

## *The Big Deeds*

'We are done with little thinking and we're done  
with little deeds,  
We are done with petty conduct and we're done  
with narrow creeds;  
We have grown to men and women, and we've  
noble work to do,  
And to-day we are a people with a larger point  
of view.  
In a big way we must labor, if our Flag shall  
always fly.  
In a big way some must suffer, in a big way  
some must die.

There must be no little dreaming in the visions  
that we see,  
There must be no selfish planning in the joys that  
are to be;  
We have set our faces eastwards to the rising  
of the sun  
That shall light a better nation, and there's big  
work to be done.  
And the petty souls and narrow, seeking only  
selfish gain,  
Shall be vanquished by the toilers big enough to  
suffer pain.

It's a big task we have taken; 'tis for others we  
must fight.

We must see our duty clearly in a white and  
shining light ;  
We must quit our little circles where we've moved  
in little ways,  
And work, as men and women, for the bigger,  
better days.  
We must quit our selfish thinking and our nar-  
row views and creeds,  
And as people, big and splendid, we must do the  
bigger deeds.



## *The Wrist Watch Man*

He is marching dusty highways and he's riding  
bitter trails,  
His eyes are clear and shining and his muscles  
hard as nails.  
He is wearing Yankee khaki and a healthy coat  
of tan,  
And the chap that we are backing is the Wrist  
Watch Man.

He's no parlor dude, a-prancing, he's no puny  
pacifist,  
And it's not for affectation there's a watch upon  
his wrist.  
He's a fine two-fisted scrapper, he is pure Amer-  
ican,  
And the backbone of the nation is the Wrist  
Watch Man.

He is marching with a rifle, he is digging in a  
trench,  
He is swapping English phrases with a poilu for  
his French;  
You will find him in the navy doing anything he  
can,  
For at every post of duty is the Wrist Watch  
Man.

Oh, the time was that we chuckled at the soft  
and flabby chap  
Who wore a little wrist watch that was fastened  
with a strap.  
But the chuckles all have vanished, and with  
glory now we scan  
The courage and the splendor of the Wrist Watch  
Man.

He is not the man we laughed at, not the one  
who won our jeers,  
He's the man that we are proud of, he's the man  
that owns our cheers;  
He's the finest of the finest, he's the bravest of  
the clan,  
And I pray for God's protection for our Wrist  
Watch Man.

## *Follow the Flag*

Aye, we will follow the Flag  
Wherever she goes,  
Into the tropic sun,  
Into the northern snows;  
Go where the guns ring out  
Scattering steel and lead,  
Painting the hills with blood,  
Strewing the fields with dead.  
But in each heart must be,  
And back of each bitter gun,  
Love for the best in life  
After the fighting's done.

Aye, we will follow the Flag  
Into benighted lands,  
Brave in the faith for which,  
Proudly, our banner stands.  
Life for her life we'll pay,  
Blood for her blood we'll give,  
Fighting, but not to kill,  
Save that the best shall live.  
But, when the cannon's roar  
Dies in a hymn of peace,  
Justice and truth must reign,  
Power of the brute must cease.

Aye, we will follow the Flag,  
Gladly her work we'll do,

Banishing wrongs of old,  
    Founding the truth anew.  
What though our guns must speak,  
    What though brave men must die,  
Ages of truth to come  
    All this shall justify.  
Men in the charms of peace,  
    Basking in Freedom's sun,  
Some day shall bless our Flag  
    After our work is done.

Aye, we will follow the Flag  
    Wherever she goes,  
Into the tropic sun,  
    Into the northern snows.  
Fearlessly, on we'll go  
    Into the cruel strife,  
Gladly the few shall die,  
    Winning for many, life.  
Tyranny's wrongs must cease,  
    Brutes must no longer brag,  
This is our work on earth,  
    So we will follow the Flag.

## *We've Had a Letter From the Boy*

We've had a letter from the boy,  
And oh, the gladness and the joy  
It brought to us! We read it o'er  
I'd say a dozen times or more.  
We laughed until the teardrops fell  
At all the fun he had to tell.  
He's in the navy, wearing blue,  
And everything is all so new  
That he can see in youthful style  
The funny things to make us smile.

He's working hard! Between the lines  
We gather that. The brass he shines  
Without complaining, and the food  
He gets to eat is very crude.  
And yet he laughs at all his chores.  
He says the maid who scrubs our floors  
Will have to quit when he returns  
Unless a better way she learns.  
"I've got it on the fairer sex,"  
Says he, "since I am swabbing decks."

"A sailor's life, dear Mom," writes he,  
"Is not the life you picked for me.  
And yet I'm getting fat and strong  
And learning as I go along  
That any life a man can find  
Is apt to grow to be a grind

Unless a fellow has the wit  
To see the brighter side of it.  
Don't worry for your sailor son;  
He sleeps well when his work is done."

We've had a letter from the boy,  
And oh, the gladness and the joy  
It brought to us! 'Twas good to know  
That he is facing duty so.  
Between the lines that he had penned  
His mother's bitter fears to end,  
I saw his manhood glowing bright,  
And now I know his heart is right.  
Behind the laughter I could see  
My boy's the man I'd hoped he'd be.

## *Exempt*

They have said you needn't go to the front to  
face the foe;

They have left you with your women and your  
children safe at home;

They have spared you from the crash of the mur-  
derous guns that flash

And the horrors and the madness and the death  
across the foam.

But it's your fight, just the same, and your coun-  
try still must claim

The splendor of your manhood and the best  
that you can do;

In a thousand different ways through the dark  
and troubled days,

You must stand behind the nation that has been  
so good to you.

You're exempt from shot and shell, from the  
havoc and the hell

That have robbed the world of gladness; you  
have missed the sterner fate

Of the brave young men and fine, that are fall-  
ing into line,

You may stay among your children who are  
swinging on the gate.

But you're not exempt from love of the Flag  
that flies above,

You've a greater obligation to your country  
to be true;  
You must work from day to day in a bigger,  
better way  
For the glory of the nation that has been so  
good to you.

You are not exempt from trial, from long days of  
self-denial,  
From devotion to your homeland and from  
courage in the test.

You are not exempt from giving to your coun-  
try's needs and living  
As a citizen and soldier — an example of the  
best.

You've a harder task before you than the boys  
who're fighting for you,  
You must match their splendid courage and de-  
votion through and through;

You must prove by fine endeavor, and by stand-  
ing constant ever  
That you're worthy of the country that has  
been so good to you.



## *Duty*

We know not where the path may lead nor what  
the end may be,  
The clouds are dark above us now, the future  
none can see,  
And yet when all the storms have passed, and  
cannons cease to roar,  
We shall be prouder of our flag than we have  
been before.

We could not longer idle stay, spectators of a  
wrong,  
The weak were crying out for help against  
oppression strong;  
And though we pray we may be spared the  
bitterness of strife,  
'Twere better that we die than live the coward's  
feeble life.

We could not longer silent sit, our glory at an  
end,  
And blind ourselves unto the wrongs committed  
by a friend;  
We must be tolerant with all, yet in these days  
of hate,  
Some things have happened that it would be  
shame to tolerate.

And now we stand before the world, erect and  
calm and grave,  
And speak the words that decency must rule the  
land and wave;  
Into the chaos of despair we fling ourselves  
to-day  
As guardians of a precious trust hate must not  
sweep away.

We must rejoice, if we are men, not weak and  
soft of heart  
That we have heeded duty's call, and taken up  
our part.  
And when at last sweet peace shall come, and  
all the strife is o'er,  
We shall be prouder of our flag than we have  
been before.

## *A Prayer*

God grant to us the strength of men,  
The patience of the brave;  
The wisdom to be silent, when  
The days with doubt are grave.  
When dangers come, as come they must,  
Throughout the trying hours  
Let us continue still to trust  
That triumph shall be ours.

We have foresworn our days of ease  
To battle for the right,  
To venture over troubled seas  
Oppression's wrongs to fight.  
And we have pledged ourselves to grief,  
And bitter hurt and pain,  
Then must we cling to this belief:  
We suffer not in vain.

God grant to us the strength of men,  
God help us to be true  
Until that glorious morning when  
The world shall smile anew.  
We shall be tested sore and tried,  
And flayed by many fears,  
Yet let us in this faith abide,  
That right shall rule the years.

## *Sympathy*

One came to the house with a pretty speech:  
    "It's all for the best," said he,  
And I know that he sought my heart to reach,  
    And I know that he grieved with me.

But I was too full of my sorrow then  
    To list to his words or care;  
Though I've tried I cannot recall again  
    The comfort he gave me there.

But another came, and his lips were dumb  
    As he grasped me by the hand,  
And he stammered: "Old man, I had to come,  
    Oh, I hope you'll understand."

And ever since then I have felt his hand  
    Clasped tightly in my own,  
And to-day his silence I understand —  
    My sorrowing he had known.

## *Hate*

They say we must not hate, nor fight in hate.

I've thought it over many a solemn hour,  
And cannot mildly view the man or state  
That has no thought, save only to be great;

I cannot love the creature drunk with power.  
I hate the hand that slaughters babes at sea,  
I hate that will that orders wives to die.  
And there is something rises up in me  
When brutes run wild in crime and lechery  
That soft adjustments will not satisfy.

Men seldom fight the things they do not hate;

A vice grows strong on mildly tempered scorn;  
Rank thrives the weed the gardeners tolerate;  
You cannot stroke the snake that lies in wait,  
And change his nature with to-morrow's morn.

If roses are to bloom, the weeds must go;

Vice be dethroned if virtue is to reign;  
Honor and shame together cannot grow,  
Sin either conquers or we lay it low,  
Wrong must be hated if the truth remain.

I hold that we must fight this war in hate —

In bitter hate of blood in fury spilled;  
Of children, bending over book and slate,  
Slaughtered to make a Prussian despot great;  
In hate of mothers pitilessly killed.

In hate of liars plotting wars for gain;  
In hate of crimes too black for printed page;  
In hate of wrongs that mark the tyrant's reign —  
And crush forever all within his train.  
Such hate shall be the glory of our age.

### *General Pershing*

He isn't long on speeches. At the banquet table,  
he  
Could name a dozen places where he would much  
rather be.  
He's not one for fuss and feathers or for march-  
ing in review,  
But he's busy every minute when he's got a job  
to do.  
And you'll find him in the open, fighting hard  
and fighting square  
For the glory of his country when his boys get  
over there.

He has listened to the cheering of the splendid  
folks of France,  
And he knows that he's the leader of America's  
advance,  
And he knows his task is mighty and that words  
will not avail,

So he's standing to his duty, for he isn't there  
to fail.

And you'll find him cool and steady when the  
guns begin to flare,

And he'll talk in deeds of glory when his boys  
get over there.

He has gone to face the fury of the Prussian  
hordes that sweep

O'er the fertile fields of Freedom, where the  
forms of heroes sleep,

And it seems no time for talking or for laughter  
or for cheers,

With the wounded all about him and their moan-  
ing in his ears.

He is waiting for to-morrow, waiting there to  
do his share,

And he'll strike a blow for freedom when his  
boys get over there.

## *The Better Thing*

It is better to die for the flag,  
For its red and its white and its blue,  
Than to hang back and shirk and to lag  
And let the flag sink out of view.  
It is better to give up this life  
In the heat and the thick of the strife  
Than to live out your days 'neath a sky,  
Where Old Glory shall never more fly.

The peace that we long for will be  
Far worse than the war that we dread  
If never again we're to see  
The blue, and the white and the red  
Wind-tossed and sun-kissed in the skies.  
If ever the Stars and Stripes dies  
Or loses its lustre and pride,  
We shall wish in our souls we had died.

It is better by far that we die  
Than that flag shall pass out of the world;  
If ever it ceases to fly,  
If ever it's hauled down and furled,  
Dishonor shall stamp us with shame  
And freedom be naught but a name,  
And the few years of dearly-bought breath  
Will be filled with worse horrors than death.



## *To a Lady Knitting*

Little woman, hourly sitting,  
Something for a soldier knitting,  
What in fancy can you see?  
Many pictures come to me  
Through the stitch that now you're making:  
I behold a bullet breaking;  
I can see some soldier lying  
In that garment slowly dying,  
And that very bit of thread  
In your fingers, turns to red.  
Gray to-day; perhaps to-morrow  
Crimsoned by the blood of sorrow.

It may be some hero daring  
Shall that very thing be wearing  
When he ventures forth to give  
Life that other men may live.  
He may braver wield the saber  
As a tribute to your labor,  
And for that, which you have knitted,  
Better for his task be fitted.  
When the thread has left your finger,  
Something of yourself may linger,  
Something of your lovely beauty  
May sustain him in his duty.

Some one's boy that was a baby  
Soon shall wear it, and it may be

He will write and tell his mother  
Of the kindness of another,  
And her spirit shall caress you,  
And her prayers at night shall bless you.  
You may never know its story,  
Cannot know the grief or glory  
That are destined now and hover  
Over him your wool shall cover,  
Nor what spirit shall invade it  
Once your gentle hands have made it.

Little woman, hourly sitting,  
Something for a soldier knitting,  
'Tis no common garb you're making,  
These, no common pains you're taking.  
Something lovely, holy, lingers  
O'er the needles in your fingers  
And with every stitch you're weaving  
Something of yourself you're leaving.  
From your gentle hands and tender  
There may come a nation's splendor,  
And from this, your simple duty,  
Life may win a fairer beauty.

## *A Good Soldier*

He writes to us most every day, and how his  
letters thrill us!

I can't describe the joys with which his quaint  
expressions fill us.

He says the military life is not of his selection,  
He's only soldiering to-day to give the Flag protection.

But since he's in the army now and doing duties  
humble,

He'll do what all good soldiers must, and he will  
never grumble.

He's not so keen for standing guard, a lonely  
vigil keeping,

"But when I must," he writes to us, "they'll  
never find me sleeping!

I hear a lot of boys complain about the tasks  
they set us

And there's no doubt that mother's meals can  
beat the ones they get us,

But since I'm here to do my bit, close to the  
job I'm sticking;

I'll take whatever comes my way and waste no  
word in kicking.

"I'd like to be a captain, dad, a major or a  
colonel,

I'd like to get my picture in some illustrated  
journal;  
I don't exactly fancy jobs that now and then  
come my way,  
Like picking bits of rubbish up that desecrate  
the highway.  
But still I'll do those menial tasks as cheerfully  
as could one,  
For while I am a private here I'm going to be  
a good one.

“ A soldier's life is not the way I'd choose to  
make my living,  
But now I'm in the ranks to serve, my best to  
it I'm giving.  
Oh, I could name a dozen jobs that I'd consider  
finer,  
But since I've got this one to do I'll never be a  
whiner.  
I'm just a private in the ranks, but take it from  
my letter,  
They'll never fire your son for one who'll do  
his duty better.”

## *His Santa Claus*

He will not come to him this year with all his  
old-time joy,  
An imitation Santa Claus must serve his little  
boy;  
Last year he heard the reindeers paw the roof  
above his head,  
And as he dreamed the kindly saint tip-toed  
about his bed,  
But Christmas Eve he will not come by any happy  
chance;  
This year his kindly Santa Claus must guard a  
trench in France.

His mother bravely tries to smile; last Christmas  
Eve was gay;  
Last Christmas morn his daddy rose at dawn with  
him to play;  
This year he'll hang his stocking by the chim-  
ney, but the hands  
That filled it with the joys he craved now serve  
in foreign lands.  
He is too young to understand his mother's  
troubled glance,  
But he that was his Santa Claus is in a trench  
in France.

Somewhere in France this Christmas Eve a sol-  
dier brave will be,

And all that night in fancy he will trim a Christ-  
mas tree;

And all that night he'll live again the joys that  
once he had

When he was good St. Nicholas unto a certain  
lad.

And he will wonder if his boy, by any sad mis-  
chance,

Will find his stocking empty just because he  
serves in France.

## *Show the Flag*

Show the flag and let it wave  
As a symbol of the brave ;  
Let it float upon the breeze  
As a sign for each who sees  
That beneath it, where it rides,  
Loyalty to-day abides.

Show the flag and signify  
That it wasn't born to die ;  
Let its colors speak for you  
That you still are standing true,  
True in sight of God and man  
To the work that flag began.

Show the flag that all may see  
That you serve humanity.  
Let it whisper to the breeze  
That comes singing through the trees  
That whatever storms descend  
You'll be faithful to the end.

Show the flag and let it fly,  
Cheering every passer-by —  
Men that may have stepped aside,  
May have lost their old-time pride,  
May behold it there, and then  
Consecrate themselves again.

Show the flag! The day is gone  
When men blindly hurry on  
Serving only gods of gold;  
Now the spirit that was cold  
Warms again to courage fine.  
Show the flag and fall in line!

### *The Honor Roll*

The boys upon the honor roll, God bless them  
all, I pray!  
God watch them when they sleep at night, and  
guard them through the day.  
We've stamped their names upon our walls, the  
list in glory grows,  
Our brave boys and our splendid boys who stand  
to meet our foes.

Oh, here are sons of mothers fair and fathers  
fine and true,  
The little ones of yesterday, the children that  
we knew;  
We thought of them as youngsters gay, still  
laughing at their games,  
And then we found the honor roll emblazoned  
with their names.



We missed their laughter and their cheer; it  
seems but yesterday  
We had them here to walk with us, and now  
they've marched away.  
And here where once their smiles were seen we  
keep a printed scroll;  
The absent boy we long to see is on the honor  
roll.

So quickly did the summons come we scarcely  
marked the change,  
One day life marched its normal pace, the next  
all things seemed strange,  
And when we questioned where they were, the  
sturdiest of us all,  
We saw the silent honor roll on each familiar  
wall.

The laughter that we knew has gone; the merry  
voice of youth  
No longer rings where graybeards sit, discussing  
sombre truth.  
No longer jests are flung about to rouse our  
weary souls,  
For they who meant so much to us are on our  
honor rolls.

## *The Princess Pats*

A touch of the plain and the prairie,  
A bit of the Motherland, too;  
A strain of the fur-trapper wary,  
A blend of the old and the new;  
A bit of the pioneer splendor  
That opened the wilderness' flats,  
A touch of the home-lover, tender,  
You'll find in the boys they call Pats.

The glory and grace of the maple,  
The strength that is born of the wheat,  
The pride of a stock that is staple,  
The bronze of a midsummer heat;  
A blending of wisdom and daring,  
The best of a new land, and that's  
The regiment gallantly bearing  
The neat little title of Pats.

A bit of the man who has neighbored  
With mountains and forests and streams,  
A touch of the man who has labored  
To model and fashion his dreams;  
The strength of an age of clean living,  
Of right-minded fatherly chats,  
The best that a land could be giving  
Is there in the breasts of the Pats.

## *July the Fourth, 1917*

Time was the cry went round the world:  
America for freedom speaks,  
A new flag is today unfurled,  
An eagle on the mountain shrieks,  
A king is failing on his throne,  
A race of men defies his power!  
And no one could have guessed or known  
The burden of that splendid hour.

A bell rang out that summer day  
And men and women stood and heard;  
That tongue of brass had more to say  
Than could be spoken by a word.  
It spoke the thoughts of honest men,  
It whispered Destiny's intents  
And rang a warning loudly then  
To Kings of all the continents.

The old bell in its holy loft  
Where pigeons nest, has ceased to swing  
And yet through many a day and oft  
A weary people hear it sing.  
That hour long years ago, when first  
America for freedom fought,  
The bonds of slavery were burst:  
That hour began the reign of thought.

Here comes another summer day:  
America is on the sea,  
America has dared to say  
That other people shall be free.  
No selfish stain her banner mars,  
Her flag, for truth and right, unfurled,  
With every stripe and all its stars  
Still speaks its message to the world.

Out where the soldiers fight for men,  
Out where, for others, heroes die,  
Out where they storm the Tyrant's den,  
The Starry Banner lights the sky.  
And once again the cry goes out  
That brings the flush of hope to cheeks  
Grown pale by bitter war and doubt:  
"America for Freedom speaks."

## *Spring in the Trenches*

It's coming time for planting in that little patch  
of ground,  
Where the lad and I made merry as he followed  
me around;  
The sun is getting higher, and the skies above  
are blue,  
And I'm hungry for the garden, and I wish the  
war were through.

But it's tramp, tramp, tramp,  
And it's never look behind,  
And when you see a stranger's kids,  
Pretend that you are blind.

The spring is coming back again, the birds begin  
to mate;  
The skies are full of kindness, but the world is  
full of hate.  
And it's I that should be bending now in peace  
above the soil,  
With laughing eyes and little hands about to bless  
the toil.

But it's fight, fight, fight,  
And it's charge at double-quick;  
A soldier thinking thoughts of home  
Is one more soldier sick.

Last year I brought the bulbs to bloom and saw  
the roses bud ;  
This year I'm ankle deep in mire, and most of  
it is blood.  
Last year the mother in the door was glad as  
she could be ;  
To-day her heart is full of pain, and mine is  
hurting me.

But it's shoot, shoot, shoot,  
And when the bullets hiss,  
Don't let the tears fill up your eyes,  
For weeping soldiers miss.

Oh, who will tend the roses now and who will  
sow the seeds?  
And who will do the heavy work the little gar-  
den needs?  
And who will tell the lad of mine the things he  
wants to know,  
And take his hand and lead him round the paths  
we used to go?

For it's charge, charge, charge,  
And it's face the foe once more ;  
Forget the things you love the most  
And keep your mind on war.

## *Bigger Than His Dad*

He has heard his country calling, and has fallen  
into line,  
And he's doing something bigger than his  
daddy ever did;  
He has caught a greater vision than the finest one  
of mine,  
And I know today I'm prouder of than sorry  
for the kid.

His speech is soft and vibrant with the messages  
of truth,  
And he says some things of duty that I can-  
not understand;  
It may be that I'm selfish, but this ending of his  
youth  
Is not the dream I cherished and it's not the  
thing I planned.

I only know he's bigger in his uniform today  
Than I, who stand and watch him as he drills,  
have ever been;  
That he sees a greater vision of life's purpose  
far away,  
And a finer goal to die for than my eyes have  
ever seen.

I wish I felt as he does, wish I had his sense of  
right;

With the vision he possesses I should be  
supremely glad ;  
But I sometimes start to choking when I think  
of him at night —  
The boy that has grown bigger, yes, and bet-  
ter than his dad.

### *The Boy's Adventure*

“ Dear Father,” he wrote me from Somewhere  
in France,  
Where he's waiting with Pershing to lead the  
advance,  
“ There's little the censor permits me to tell  
Save the fact that I'm here and am happy and  
well.  
The French people cheered as we marched from  
our ship  
At the close of a really remarkable trip ;  
They danced and they screamed and they shouted  
and ran,  
And I blush as I write. I was kissed by a man !  
“ I've seen a great deal since I bade you good-  
bye,  
I have witnessed a battle far up in the sky ;



I have heard the dull roar of a long line of guns,  
And seen the destruction that's worked by the  
Huns;

Some scenes I'll remember, and some I'll forget,  
But the welcome he gave me! I'm feeling it yet.  
Oh, try to imagine your boy if you can,  
As he looked and he felt, being kissed by a man!

“ ‘ Ah, Meestaire!’ he cried in a voice that was  
shrill,

And his queer little eyes with delight seemed to  
fill,

And before I was wise to the custom, or knew  
Just what he was up to, about me he threw  
His arms, and he hugged me, and then with a  
squeak,

He planted a chaste little kiss on each cheek.  
He was stocky and strong and his whiskers were  
tan.

Now please keep it dark. I've been kissed by a  
man.”

## *Out of It All*

Out of it all shall come splendor and gladness,  
Out of the madness and out of the sadness,  
Clearer and finer the world shall arise.

Why then keep sorrow and doubt in your eyes?

Joy shall be ours when the warfare is over;  
Children shall gleefully romp in the clover;  
Here with our heroes at home and at rest,  
We shall rejoice with the world at its best.

Not in vain, not in vain, is our bright banner  
flying;

Not for naught are the sons of our fond  
mothers dying;

The gloom and despair are not ever to last;  
The world shall be better when they shall have  
passed.

So mourn not his absence, but smile and be  
brave;

You shall have him again from the brink of  
the grave

In a wonderful world 'neath a wonderful sun;  
He shall come to your arms with his victory  
won,

## *The Christmas Box*

Oh, we have shipped his Christmas box, with  
ribbons red 'tis tied,  
And he shall find the things he likes from them  
he loves inside,  
But he must miss the kisses true and all the  
laughter gay  
And he must miss the smiles of home upon his  
Christmas Day.

He'll spend his Christmas 'neath the Flag; he'll  
miss each merry face,  
Old Glory smiling down on him must take his  
mother's place,  
Yet in the Christmas box we've sent, in fancy he  
will find  
The laughter and the tears of joy that he has  
left behind.

His mother's tenderness is there, his father's  
kindly way,  
And all that went last year to make his merry  
Christmas Day;  
He'll see once more his sister's smile, he'll hear  
the baby shout,  
And as he opens every gift we'll gather round  
about.

He cannot come to share with us the joys of  
Christmas Day;

The Flag has called to him, and he is serving  
far away.  
Undaunted, unafraid and fine he stands to duty  
grim,  
And so this Christmas we have tried to ship our-  
selves to him.

### *A Plea*

God grant me these: the strength to do  
Some needed service here;  
The wisdom to be brave and true;  
The gift of vision clear,  
That in each task that comes to me  
Some purpose I may plainly see.

God teach me to believe that I  
Am stationed at a post,  
Although the humblest 'neath the sky,  
Where I am needed most,  
And that, at last, if I do well,  
My humble services will tell.

God grant me faith to stand on guard,  
Uncheered, unspoke, alone,  
And see behind such duty hard  
My service to the throne.  
Whate'er my task, be this my creed:  
I am on earth to fill a need.

## *Your Country Needs You*

The country needs a man like you,  
It has a task for you to do.  
It has a job for you to face.  
Somewhere for you it has a place.  
Not all the slackers dodge the work  
Of service where the cannon lurk,  
Not all the slackers on life's stage  
Are boys of military age.  
The old, the youthful and unfit  
Must also do their little bit.

The country needs a man like you,  
'Twill suffer if you prove untrue.  
What though you cannot bear a gun?  
That isn't all that's to be done.  
There are a thousand other ways  
To serve your country through the days  
Of trial and the nights of storm.  
You need not wear a uniform  
Or with the men in council sit  
To serve the Flag and do your bit.

Somewhere for you there is a place,  
Somewhere you have a task to face.  
There's none so helpless or so frail  
That cannot, when our foes assail,  
In some way help our common cause  
And be deserving of applause.

Behind the Flag we all must be,  
Each at his post, awake to see  
That in so far as he has striven,  
His best was to his country given.

You can be patient, brave and strong,  
And not complain when plans go wrong;  
You can be cheerful at your toil,  
Or till, perhaps, some patch of soil;  
You can encourage others who  
Have heavier, greater tasks to do;  
You can be loyal, not in creed  
Alone, but in each thought and deed;  
You can make sacrifices, too.  
The country needs a man like you.

## *A Creed*

To keep in mind from day to day  
That I'm a soldier in the fray;  
That I must serve, from sun to sun,  
As well as he who bears a gun  
The flag that flies above us all,  
And answer well my Country's call.

I must not for one hour forget  
Unto the Stars and Stripes my debt.  
'Twas spotless on my day of birth,  
And when at last I quit this earth  
Old Glory still must spotless be  
For all who follow after me.

At some post where my work will fit  
I must with courage do my bit;  
Some portion of myself I'd give  
That freedom and the Flag may live.  
And in some way I want to feel  
That I am doing service real.

I must in all I say and do  
Respect the red, the white and blue,  
Nor dim with petty deeds of shame  
The splendor of Old Glory's fame;  
I must not let my standards drag,  
For my disgrace would stain the Flag.

## *The Struggle*

Life is a struggle for peace,  
A longing for rest,  
A hope for the battles to cease,  
A dream for the best;  
And he is not living who stays  
Contented with things,  
Unconcerned with the work of the days  
And all that it brings.

He is dead who sees nothing to change,  
No wrong to make right;  
Who travels no new way or strange  
In search of the light;  
Who never sets out for a goal  
That he sees from afar  
But contents his indifferent soul  
With things as they are.

Life isn't rest — it is toil;  
It is building a dream;  
It is tilling a parcel of soil  
Or bridging a stream;  
It's pursuing the light of a star  
That but dimly we see,  
And in wresting from things as they are  
The joy that should be.



## *As It Looks to the Boy*

His comrades have enlisted, but his mother bids  
him stay,  
His soul is sick with coward shame, his head  
hangs low to-day,  
His eyes no longer sparkle, and his breast is  
void of pride  
And I think that she has lost him though she's  
kept him at her side.  
Oh, I'm sorry for the mother, but I'm sorrier  
for the lad  
Who must look on life forever as a hopeless  
dream and sad.

He must fancy men are sneering as they see  
him walk the street,  
He will feel his cheeks turn crimson as his eyes  
another's meet;  
And the boys and girls that knew him as he was  
but yesterday,  
Will not seem to smile upon him, in the old  
familiar way.  
He will never blame his mother, but when he's  
alone at night,  
His thoughts will flock to tell him that he isn't  
doing right.

Oh, I'm sorry for the mother from whose side  
a boy must go,

And the strong desire to keep him that she feels,  
I think I know,  
But the boy that she's so fond of has a life to  
live on earth,  
And he hungers to be busy with the work that is  
of worth.  
He will sicken and grow timid, he'll be flesh  
without a heart  
Until death at last shall claim him, if he doesn't  
do his part.

Have you kept him, gentle mother? Has he lost  
his old-time cheer?  
Is he silent, sad and sullen? Are his eyes no  
longer clear?  
Is he growing weak and flabby who but yester-  
day was strong?  
Then a secret grief he's nursing and I'll tell you  
what is wrong.  
All his comrades have departed on their coun-  
try's noblest work,  
And he hungers to be with them—it is not his  
wish to shirk.

## *Fly a Clean Flag*

This I heard the Old Flag say  
As I passed it yesterday:  
“ Months ago your friendly hands  
Fastened me on slender strands  
And with patriotic love  
Placed me here to wave above  
You and yours. I heard you say  
On that long departed day:  
‘ Flag of all that’s true and fine,  
Wave above this house of mine;  
Be the first at break of day  
And the last at night to say  
To the world this word of cheer:  
Loyalty abideth here.’

“ Here on every wind that’s blown,  
O’er your portal I have flown;  
Rain and snow have battered me,  
Storms at night have tattered me;  
Dust of street and chimney stack  
Day by day have stained me black,  
And I’ve watched you passing there,  
Wondering how much you care.  
Have you noticed that your flag,  
Is to-day a wind-blown rag?  
Has your love so careless grown  
By the long neglect you’ve shown

That you never raise your eye  
To the symbol that you fly?"

"Flag, on which no stain has been,  
'Tis my sin that you're unclean,"  
Then I answered in my shame.  
"On my head must lie the blame.  
Now with patriotic hands  
I release you from your strands,  
And a spotless flag shall fly  
Here to greet each passer-by.  
Nevermore shall Flag of mine  
Be a sad and sorry sign  
Telling all who look above  
I neglect the thing I love.  
But my Flag of faith shall be  
Fit for every eye to see."

## *To a Kindly Critic*

If it's wrong to believe in the land that we love,  
And to pray for Our Flag to the good God above;  
If it's wrong to believe that Our Country is best;  
That honor's her standard, and truth is her crest;  
If placing her first in our prayers and our song  
Is false to true reason, we're glad to be wrong.

If it's wrong to wish victory day after day  
For the troops of Our Country now marching  
    away;  
If it's wrong to believe they are moved by the  
    right  
And not by the love and the lure of the fight;  
If to cheer them to battle and bid them be strong  
Is false to right thinking, then let us be wrong.

If it's wrong to believe in America's dreams  
Of a freedom on earth that's as real as it seems;  
If it's error to cherish the hope, through and  
    through,  
That the Stars in Old Glory's immaculate blue  
Shall shine through the ages, true beacons to men,  
We pray that no right phrase shall flow from our  
    pen.

## *War's Homecoming*

We little thought how much they meant — the  
bleeding hearts of France,  
And British mothers wearing black to mark some  
troop's advance.

The war was, O, so distant then, the grief so  
far away,

We couldn't see the weeping eyes, nor hear the  
women pray.

We couldn't sense the weight of woe that rested  
on that land,

But now our boy is called to go — to-day, we  
understand.

There, some have heard the blackest news that  
o'er the wires has sped,

And some are living day by day beneath the  
clouds of dread;

Some fear the worst; some know the worst, but  
every heart is chilled,

And every soul is sorrow touched and laughter  
there is stilled.

There, old folks sit alone and grieve and pray  
for peace to come,

And now our little boy has heard the summons of  
the drum.

Their grief was such a distant thing, we made  
it fruit for speech.

We never thought in days of old such pain our  
    hearts would reach.  
We talked of it, as people do of sorrow far aloof,  
Nor dreamed such care would ever dwell beneath  
    our happy roof.  
But England's woes are ours to-day, we share the  
    sighs of France;  
Our little boy is on the sea with Death to take  
    his chance.

### *Next of Kin*

I notice when the news comes in  
    Of one who's claimed eternal glory,  
This simple phrase, "the next of kin,"  
    Concludes the soldier's final story.  
This tells the world what voice will choke,  
What heart that bit of shrapnel broke,  
What father or what mother brave  
Will think of Flanders as a grave.

"The next of kin," the cable cold  
    Wastes not a precious word in telling,  
Yet cannot you and I behold  
    -The sorrow in some humble dwelling,

And cannot you and I perceive  
The brave yet lonely mother grieve  
And picture, when that news comes in,  
The anguish of "the next of kin?"

For every boy in uniform,  
Another soldier brave is fighting;  
A double rank the cannons storm,  
Two lines the cables are uniting,  
And with the hurt each soldier feels,  
At home the other warrior reels;  
Two suffer, freedom's cause to win:  
The soldier and "the next of kin."

Oh, next of kin, be brave, be strong,  
As brave as was the boy that's missing;  
The years will many be and long  
That you will hunger for his kissing.  
Yet he enlisted you with him  
To share war's bitter price and grim;  
Your service runs through many years  
Because your name with his appears.



## *See It Through*

There are many to cheer when the battle begins,  
There are many to shout for the right ;  
There are many to rail at the world and its sins,  
But few have the grit for the fight.  
There are thousands to start with a rush for the  
fray  
When the fighting seems easy to do,  
But when danger is present and rough is the  
way,  
The few have to see the job through.

It is easy to quit with a battle unwon,  
It is hard to press on to success ;  
It is easy to stop with a purpose undone,  
It is hard to encounter distress.  
And many will march when the roadway is clear  
And the glorious goal is in view,  
But the many, too often, when dangers appear,  
Aren't willing to see the fight through.

They weaken in spirit when trials grow great,  
They flinch at the clashing of steel ;  
They talk of the strength of the foe at the gate  
And whine at the hurts that they feel.  
They begin to regret having ventured for right,  
They sigh that they dared to be true,

They haven't the heart they once had for the  
fight,  
They don't want to see the job through.

We have set out to battle for justice and truth,  
We have fearful disasters to meet;  
We shall weep for the best of our manliest youth,  
We shall suffer the pangs of defeat.  
But let us stand firm for the cause that we plead,  
Let the many be brave with the few;  
The cry of the quitter let none of us heed  
Till we've done what we started to do.

### *Don't Overdo It*

We've come from the mud and the dirt and  
the slime of it,  
Out of the blood and the hurt and the crime  
of it,  
Some of us limping on crutches, and some  
Minus an eye or an arm or a thumb,  
More or less shattered by shrapnel and battered —  
Still for all that we don't want to be flattered.

We've known the click of the steel and the brunt  
of it —  
Heard and grown sick of the squeal at the front  
of it —  
Wallowed in blood that our comrades had shed,  
Carried the wounded and buried the dead;

Bullets have splattered around us and clattered —  
Still for all that we don't want to be flattered.

While with a song or a cheer we all went over,  
Many as strong waited here to be sent over;  
They would have shared each triumphant ad-  
vance —

Suffered and died, too; they yearned for the  
chance.

Fate sent us to it, but now that we're through it  
Cheer us a little, but don't overdo it.

## *The Gold Givers*

Oh, some shall stand in glory's light when all  
the strife is done,  
And many a mother there shall say, "For truth  
I gave my son!"  
But I shall stand in silence then and hear the  
stories brave,  
For I must answer at the last that gold is all  
I gave.

When all this age shall pass away, and silenced  
are the guns,  
When sweethearts join their loves again, and  
mothers kiss their sons,  
When brave unto the brave return, and all they  
did is told,  
How pitiful my gift shall seem, when all I gave  
is gold.

When we are asked what did you then, when  
all the world was red,  
And some shall say, "I fell in France," and  
some, "I mourned my dead;"  
With all the brave assembled there in glory long  
to live,  
How trivial our lives shall seem who had but  
gold to give.

## *The Undaunted*

He tried to travel No Man's Land, that's guarded  
    well with guns,  
He tried to race the road of death, where never  
    a coward runs.  
Now he's asking of his doctor, and he's panting  
    hard for breath,  
How soon he will be ready for another bout with  
    death.

You'd think if you had wakened in a shell hole's  
    slime and mud  
That was partly dirty water, but was mostly  
    human blood,  
And you had to lie and suffer till the bullets  
    ceased to hum  
And the night time dropped its cover, so the  
    stretcher boys could come —

You'd think if you had suffered from a fever  
    and its thirst,  
And could hear the "rapids" spitting and the  
    high explosives burst,  
And had lived to tell that story — you could face  
    your fellow men  
In the little peaceful village, though you never  
    fought again.

You'd think that once you'd fallen in the shrapnel's deadly rain,  
Once you'd shed your blood for honor, you had borne your share of pain;  
Once you'd traveled No Man's country, you'd be satisfied to quit  
And be invalided homeward, and could say you'd done your bit.

But he's lying, patched and bandaged, very white and very weak,  
And he's trying to be cheerful, though it's agony to speak;  
He is pleading with the doctor, though he's panting hard for breath,  
To return him to the trenches for another bout with death.

## *The Discovery of a Soul*

*The proof of a man is the danger test,  
That shows him up at his worst or best.*

He didn't seem to care for work, he wasn't much  
at school.

His speech was slow and commonplace — you  
wouldn't call him fool.

And yet until the war broke out you'd calmly  
pass him by,

For nothing in his makeup or his way would  
catch your eye.

He seemed indifferent to the world, the kind that  
doesn't care —

That's satisfied with just enough to eat and drink  
and wear;

That doesn't laugh when others do or cry when  
others weep,

But seems to walk the wakeful world half dor-  
mant and asleep;

Then came the war, and soldiers marched and  
drums began to roll,

And suddenly we realized his body held a soul.

We little dreamed how much he loved his Coun-  
try and her Flag;

About the glorious Stars and Stripes we'd never  
heard him brag.

But he was first to volunteer, while brilliant men  
demurred,  
He took the oath of loyalty without a faltering  
word,  
And then we found that he could talk, for one  
remembered night,  
There came a preaching pacifist denouncing men  
who fight,  
And he got up in uniform and looked at him  
and said:  
“ I wonder if you ever think about our soldiers  
dead.  
All that you are to-day you owe some soldier in  
his grave;  
If he had been afraid to fight, you still would be  
a slave.”

If he had died a year ago beneath a peaceful  
sky,  
Unjust our memory would have been; of him our  
tongues would lie.  
We should have missed his splendid worth, we  
should have called him frail  
And listed him among the weak and sorry men  
who fail.  
But few regrets had marked his end; he would  
have passed unmourned —  
Perhaps by those who knew him best, indiffer-  
ently scorned.



But now he stands among us all, eyes bright and  
shoulders true,  
A strong defender of the faith; a man with  
work to do;  
And if he dies, his name shall find its place on  
history's scroll;  
The great chance has revealed to men the splen-  
dor of his soul.

### *Here We Are!*

Here we are, Britain! the finest and best of us  
Taking our coats off and rolling our sleeves,  
Answering the thoughtless that once made a jest  
of us,  
Each man a soldier for what he believes.  
Here we are, tight little island, in unity!  
Tell us the job that you want us to do!  
You can depend on us all with impunity.  
Give us a task and we'll all see it through.

Here we are, France! every Yankee born man  
of us  
Coming to stand by your side in the fight;  
Liberty's cause makes a whole-hearted clan of us.  
Here we are, willing to die for the right.  
Silently, long from our shores we've admired you,  
Secretly proud of the pluck you've displayed.

Brothers we are of the love that inspired you;  
Now we are coming, full front, to your aid.

Here we are, Allies! make room in your  
trenches!

Shoulder to shoulder we'll share in each drive.  
Here we are! quitting our lathes and our benches,  
Bringing our best that our best shall survive.  
Here we are! Liberty's children, red-blooded,  
Coming to share in the struggle with you,  
Ready to die for the Flag that's star-studded;  
Tell us the work that you want us to do.

What is it, fighting or building you're needing?  
Boring a mountain or bridging a stream,  
Steel work and real work? Your call we are  
heeding.

Each of us here is a man with a dream.  
Here we are! tacklers of tough jobs and dangers,  
Any old post where you put us we'll fit;  
Coming to serve you as brothers, not strangers;  
Here we are, Allies! to offer our bit!

## *We Who Stay at Home*

When you were just our little boy, on many a  
    night we crept  
Unto your cot and watched o'er you, and all the  
    time you slept.  
We tucked the covers round your form and  
    smoothed your pillow, too,  
And sometimes stooped and kissed your cheeks,  
    but that you never knew.  
Just as we came to you back then through many  
    a night and day,  
Our spirits now shall come to you — to kiss and  
    watch and pray.

Whenever you shall look away into God's patch  
    of sky  
To think about the folks at home, we shall be  
    standing by.  
And as we prayed and watched o'er you when  
    you were wrapped in sleep,  
So through your soldier danger now the old-  
    time watch we'll keep.  
You will not know that we are there, you will  
    not see or hear,  
But all the time in prayer and thought we shall  
    be very near.

The world has made of you a man; the work  
    of man you do,

But unto us you still remain the baby that we  
knew;  
And we shall come, as once we did, on wondrous  
wings of prayer,  
And you will never know how oft in spirit we  
are there.  
We'll stand beside your bed at night, in silence  
bending low,  
And all the love we gave you then shall follow  
where you go.

Oh, we were proud of you back then, but we  
are prouder now;  
We see the stamp of splendor God has placed  
upon your brow,  
And we who are the folks at home shall pray  
the old time prayer,  
And ask the God of Mercy to protect you with  
His care.  
And as we came to you of old, although you  
never knew,  
The hearts of us, each day and night, shall come  
with love to you.

## *Do Your All*

“Do your bit!” How cheap and trite  
Seems that phrase in such a fight!  
“Do your bit!” That cry recall,  
Change it now to “Do your all!”  
Do your all, and then do more;  
Do what you're best fitted for;  
Do your utmost, do and give,  
You have but one life to live.

Do your finest, do your best,  
Don't let up and stop to rest,  
Don't sit back and idly say:  
“I did something yesterday.”  
Come on! Here's another hour,  
Give it all you have of power.  
Here's another day that needs  
Everybody's share of deeds.

“Do your bit!” of course, but then  
Do it time and time again;  
Giving, doing, all should be  
Up to full capacity.  
Now's no time to pick and choose,  
We've a war we must not lose.  
Be your duty great or small,  
Do it well and do it all.

Do by careful, patient living,  
Do by cheerful, open giving ;  
Do by serving day by day  
At whatever post you may ;  
Do by sacrificing pleasure,  
Do by scorning hours of leisure.  
Now to God and country give  
Every minute that you live.

### *The Future*

“ The worst is yet to come : ”  
So wail the doubters glum,  
But here’s the better view :  
“ My best I’ve yet to do.”

The worst some always fear ;  
To-morrow holds no cheer,  
Yet farther on life’s lane  
Are joys you shall attain.

Go forward bravely, then,  
And play your part as men,  
For this is ever true :  
“ Our best we’ve yet to do.”

## *A Father's Prayer*

I sometimes wonder when I read the sorrow in  
his face

If I shall wear that look of care when time has  
marched apace?

My little boy is five years old and his is twenty-  
one;

My little boy is home with me; his boy to war  
has gone.

And I can laugh and dance with life, and I can  
gayly jest,

But heavy is the heart today that beats within his  
breast.

Time was, his boy was five years old; time was  
he smiled as I;

I wonder what awaits for me when youth has  
journeyed by?

Last night I sat at home and watched my little  
boy at play,

And all the time I thought of him whose boy  
has gone away.

And in the joy that I possessed I prayed in  
silence then

That God would quickly bring him back his little  
boy again.

## *The Glory of Age*

“What is the glory of age?” I said,  
“A hoard of gold and a few dear friends?  
When you’ve reached the day that you look ahead  
And see the place where your journey ends,  
When Time has robbed you of youthful might —  
What is the secret of your delight?”

And an old man smiled as he answered me:  
“The glory of age isn’t gold or friends,  
When we’ve reached the valley of Soon-To-Be  
And note the place where our journey ends;  
The glory of age, be it understood,  
Is a boy out there who is making good.

“The greatest joy that can come to man  
When his sight is dim and his hair is gray;  
The greatest glory that God can plan  
To cheer the lives of the old to-day,  
When they share no more in the battle yell,  
Is a boy out there who is doing well.”



## *Beautifying the Flag*

To us the Flag has little meant.  
Each glorious stripe of red  
Was woven there to represent  
The blood of heroes dead.  
On some dim, distant battle line  
By other men were gained  
The glories that have made it fine,  
And idle we've remained.  
But now the Flag shall finer grow  
And ages yet to be  
Shall find the courage that we show  
To-day for liberty.

Of other men the Flag has told;  
It flies for others' deeds;  
Its pride is born of heroes bold  
Who served its bygone needs.  
But now our blood shall mingle there  
With blood of patriots dead,  
And through the years each stripe shall wear  
A deeper, truer red.  
The splendor of the flag shall gleam  
In every radiant star,  
And finer shall the banner seem  
Because of what we are.

To-day new glory for the Flag  
We give our best to build;  
Of us shall future ages brag,  
By us their blood be thrilled;  
And as to us the flag has meant  
The greatness of the past,  
The Stars and Stripes shall represent  
Our courage to the last.  
The children in the years to be  
Our trials shall discuss,  
And cheer the emblem of the free,  
In part, because of us.

### *The Soldier Homeward Bound*

Home to the folks with tender eyes,  
Home to the old, familiar skies  
And the mother smile and the gentle hand,  
Home once more to my native land —  
What sweeter song can a soldier sing  
After the battle's thundering?

Home once more with the warfare done,  
And the faith well kept and the victory won,  
Home to rest at the mother's knee,  
Home to the sister who trusted me,  
Home to the walls that with music ring —  
What sweeter song can a soldier sing?

Home to them that I love the best,  
Home to the nights that are sweet with rest,  
Home to the friends that are staunch and true,  
Home to the red and the white and blue,  
Home, where honor is crowned the king —  
What sweeter song can the soldier sing?

The lanes were strange that I trod by day,  
And sad were the faces along the way;  
I longed for the country of friendly men,  
And now I am nearing its shores again.  
Let bugle and trumpet gayly sound  
The joy of a soldier homeward bound!

## *From Laughter to Labor*

We have wandered afar in our hunting for  
    pleasure,  
We have scorned the soul's duty to gather up  
    treasure;  
We have lived for our laughter and toiled for  
    our winning  
And paid little heed to the soul's simple sinning.  
But light were the burdens that freighted us then,  
God and country, to-day let us prove we are  
    men!

We have idled and dreamed in life's merriest  
    places,  
The years have writ little of care in our faces;  
We have brought up our children, expectant of  
    gladness,  
And little we've taught them of life and its  
    sadness.  
For distant and dim seemed the forces of wrong,  
God and country, to-day let us prove we are  
    strong!

We have had our glad years, now the sad years  
    are coming,  
We have danced to gay tunes, now we march to  
    war's drumming.  
We have laughed and have loved as we pleas-  
    antly toiled,

And now we must show that our souls are  
unspoiled.  
We must work that our Flag shall in honor still  
wave,  
God and country, to-day let us prove we are  
brave!

### *United*

Forgotten petty difference now,  
The larger purpose glows,  
The storm is here, a common fear  
Its deadly lightning shows.  
The Ship of State must bear us all  
And danger makes us kin,  
As one, we all shall rise or fall,  
So shall we strive to win.

Our banner's flying at the mast,  
Our course lies straight ahead ;  
The ocean's trough is deep and rough,  
The waves are stained with red.  
The bond of danger tighter grows,  
We serve a common plan ;  
Send o'er the sea the word that we  
Are all American.

One hundred million sturdy souls  
Once more united stand,  
As one, you will find them all behind  
The banner of our land.  
And side by side they work to-day  
In silken garb or rag,  
And once again our troops of men  
Are brothers of the flag.

And from the storm that hovers low,  
And from the angry sea  
Where dangers lurk and hate's at work,  
Shall come new victory.  
The flag shall know not race nor creed,  
Nor different bands of men;  
A people strong round it shall throng  
To ne'er divide again.

## *April Thoughts*

Listen to the laughter of the brook that's racin'  
by!

Listen to the chatter of the black-birds on the  
fence!

Stand an' see the beauties of the blue that's in the  
sky —

Then ask of God why mortals haven't any  
better sense

Than to quarrel an' to battle

Where the guns an' cannon rattle

An' to slaughter one another an' to fill the  
world with hate.

God brings the buds to blossom

Where the gentle breezes toss 'em

An' the soul is blind to beauty that takes  
anger for its mate.

Listen to the singin' of the robins in the trees!

See the sunbeams flashin' where they're mir-  
rored by the stream!

Hear the drowsy buzzin' of the honey-seekin'  
bees,

Then draw a little closer to your God the while  
you dream.

When the world is dressed to cheer you

Don't you feel Him standin' near you?

When your soul drinks in the beauty of the  
wonders in His plan,

An' you've put away your passions,  
Don't you think the works He fashions  
In their beauty an' their bigness mock the lit-  
tleness of man?

Oh, I never walk an orchard nor a field with  
daisies strewn,  
An' I never stand bare-headed gazin' every-  
where about  
At the living joys around me, be it morning,  
night or noon,  
But I ask God to forgive me that I ever held  
a doubt.

Surely men must walk in blindness,  
With the whole world tuned to kindness,  
An' all dumb an' feathered creatures fairly  
bubblin' o'er with glee  
To devote themselves to madness  
That can only end in sadness  
An' to think that they are being what God  
put them here to be.



## *The Chaplain*

He was just a small church parson when the  
war broke out, and he  
Looked and dressed and acted like all parsons  
that we see.

He wore the cleric's broadcloth and he hooked  
his vest behind,  
But he had a man's religion and he had a strong  
man's mind,  
And he heard the call to duty, and he quit his  
church and went,  
And he bravely tramped right with 'em every-  
where the boys were sent.

He put aside his broadcloth and he put the  
khaki on;  
Said he'd come to be a soldier and was going  
to live like one.  
Then he refereed the prize fights that the boys  
pulled off at night,  
And if no one else was handy he'd put on the  
gloves and fight.  
He wasn't there a fortnight ere he saw the sol-  
diers' needs,  
And he said: "I'm done with preaching; this  
is now the time for deeds."

He learned the sound of shrapnel, he could tell  
the size of shell

From the shriek it make above him, and he knew  
just where it fell.  
In the front line trench he labored, and he knew  
the feel of mud,  
And he didn't run from danger and he wasn't  
scared of blood.  
He wrote letters for the wounded, and he cheered  
them with his jokes,  
And he never made a visit without passing round  
the smokes.

Then one day a bullet got him, as he knelt be-  
side a lad  
Who was "going west" right speedy, and they  
both seemed mighty glad;  
'Cause he held the boy's hand tighter, and he  
smiled and whispered low,  
"Now you needn't fear the journey; over there  
with you I'll go."  
And they both passed out together, arm in arm  
I think they went.  
He had kept his vow to follow everywhere the  
boys were sent.

## *My Part*

I may never be a hero, I am past the limit now,  
There are pencil marks of silver Time has left  
upon my brow;

I shall win no service medals, I shall hear no  
cannons' roar,

I shall never fight a battle higher up than eagles  
soar,

But I hope my children's children may recall my  
name with pride

As a man who never whimpered when his soul  
was being tried.

For the fighting and the dying for the everlast-  
ing truth

Are the labors designated for the strongest of  
our youth,

And the man that's nearing forty isn't asked to  
march away,

For there is no place in battle for the head that's  
turning gray.

His test is one of patience till the bitter work is  
done,

He must back his country's leaders till the vic-  
tory is won.

When this bitter time is ended I don't want to  
have it said

That I faltered in my courage and I never looked  
    ahead,  
I don't want it told I added to the burdens and  
    the woe,  
By preaching dismal doctrines that were cheering  
    to the foe;  
I want my children's children to respect me and  
    to find  
That my soul was out there fighting, though my  
    body stayed behind.

When this cruel test is over and the boys come  
    back from France  
I'd not have them say I hindered for a moment  
    their advance;  
That they found their duty harder than 'twas  
    needful it should be  
Because of the complaining of a lot of men like  
    me.  
Though I'll win no hero's medals and deserve no  
    wild applause,  
I want to be of service, not a hindrance to the  
    cause.

## *The Call*

Some will heed the call to arms,  
But all must heed the call to grit ;  
The dreamers on the distant farms  
Must rally now to do their bit.  
The whirring lathes in factories great  
Will sing the martial songs of strife ;  
Upon the emery wheel of fate  
We're grinding now the nation's life.

The call is not alone to guns,  
This is not but a battle test ;  
The world has summoned free men's sons  
In every field to do their best.  
The call has come to every man  
To reach the summit of his powers ;  
To stand to service where he can ;  
A mighty duty now is ours.

We must be stalwarts in the field  
Where peace has always kept her throne,  
No door against the need is sealed,  
No man today can live alone.  
The young apprentice at the bench,  
The wise inventor, old and gray,  
Serve with the soldier in the trench,  
All warriors for the better day.

Oh, man of science, unto you  
The call for service now has come!  
Mechanic, banker, lawyer, too,  
Have you not heard the stirring drum?  
Oh, humble digger in the ditch,  
Bend to your spade and do your best,  
And prove America is rich  
In manhood fine for every test.

Each man beneath the starry flag  
Must live his noblest through the strife,  
If tyranny is not to drag  
Into the mire the best of life.  
Though some will wear our uniform,  
We face to-day a common fate  
And all must bravely breast the storm  
And heed the call for courage great.

## *Thanksgiving*

For strength to face the battle's might,  
For men that dare to die for right,  
    For hearts above the lure of gold  
        And fortune's soft and pleasant way,  
For courage of our days of old,  
    Great God of All, we kneel and pray.

We thank Thee for our splendid youth.  
Who fight for liberty and truth,  
    Within whose breasts there glows anew  
        The glory of the altar fires  
Which our heroic fathers knew —  
    God make them worthy of their sires!

We thank Thee for our mothers fair  
Who through the sorrows they must bear  
    Still smile, and give their hearts to woe,  
        Yet bravely heed the day's command —  
That mothers, yet to be, may know  
    A free and glorious motherland.

Oh, God, we thank Thee for the skies  
Where our flag now in glory flies!  
We thank Thee that no love of gain  
    Is leading us, but that we fight  
To keep our banner free from stain  
    And that we die for what is right.

Oh, God, we thank Thee that we may  
Lift up our eyes to Thee to-day;  
We thank Thee we can face this test  
With honor and a spotless name,  
And that we serve a world distressed  
Unselfishly and free from shame.

### *A Patriotic Wish*

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag could boast  
about;  
I'd like to be the sort of man it cannot live with-  
out;  
I'd like to be the type of man  
That really is American:  
The head-erect and shoulders-square,  
Clean-minded fellow, just and fair,  
That all men picture when they see  
The glorious banner of the free.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag now typifies,  
The kind of man we really want the flag to  
symbolize;  
The loyal brother to a trust,  
The big, unselfish soul and just,  
The friend of every man oppressed,  
The strong support of all that's best —



The sturdy chap the banner's meant,  
Where'er it flies, to represent.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag's supposed  
to mean,  
The man that all in fancy see, wherever it is  
seen;

The chap that's ready for a fight  
Whenever there's a wrong to right,  
The friend in every time of need,  
The doer of the daring deed,  
The clean and generous handed man  
That is a real American.

### *A Patriot*

It's funny when a feller wants to do his little bit,  
And wants to wear a uniform and lug a soldier's  
kit,  
And ain't afraid of submarines nor mines that  
fill the sea,  
They will not let him go along to fight for liberty.  
They make him stay at home and be his mother's  
darling pet,  
But you can bet there'll come a time when they  
will want me yet.

I want to serve the Stars and Stripes, I want to  
go and fight,  
I want to lick the Kaiser good, and do the job  
up right.  
I know the way to use a gun and I can dig a  
trench  
And I would like to go and help the English and  
the French.  
But no, they say, you cannot march away to  
stirring drums;  
Be mother's angel boy at home; stay there and  
twirl your thumbs.

I've read about the daring boys that fight up in  
the sky;  
It seems to me that that must be a splendid way  
to die.  
I'd like to drive an aeroplane and prove my cour-  
age grim  
And get above a German there and drop a bomb  
on him,  
But they won't let me go along to help the latest  
drive;  
They say my mother needs me here because I'm  
only five.

## *Memorial Day*

The finest tribute we can pay  
Unto our hero dead to-day,  
Is not a rose wreath, white and red,  
In memory of the blood they shed;  
It is to stand beside each mound,  
Each couch of consecrated ground,  
And pledge ourselves as warriors true  
Unto the work they died to do.

Into God's valleys where they lie  
At rest, beneath the open sky,  
Triumphant now, o'er every foe,  
As living tributes let us go.  
No wreath of rose or immortelles  
Or spoken word or tolling bells  
Will do to-day, unless we give  
Our pledge that liberty shall live.

Our hearts must be the roses red  
We place above our hero dead;  
To-day beside their graves we must  
Renew allegiance to their trust;  
Must bare our heads and humbly say  
We hold the Flag as dear as they,  
And stand, as once they stood, to die  
To keep the Stars and Stripes on high.

The finest tribute we can pay  
Unto our hero dead to-day  
Is not of speech or roses red,  
But living, throbbing hearts instead  
That shall renew the pledge they sealed  
With death upon the battlefield:  
That freedom's flag shall bear no stain  
And free men wear no tyrant's chain.

### *The Soldier on Crutches*

He came down the stairs on the laughter-filled  
grill  
Where patriots were eating and drinking their  
fill,  
The tap of his crutch on the marble of white  
Caught my ear as I sat all alone there that night.  
I turned — and a soldier my eyes fell upon,  
He had fought for his country, and one leg was  
gone!

As he entered a silence fell over the place;  
Every eye in the room was turned up to his face.  
His head was up high and his eyes seemed aflame  
With a wonderful light, and he laughed as he  
came.  
He was young — not yet thirty — yet never he  
made  
One sign of regret for the price he had paid.

One moment before this young soldier came in  
I had caught bits of speech in the clatter and din  
From the fine men about me in life's dress parade  
Who were boasting the cash sacrifices they'd  
    made;  
And I'd thought of my own paltry service with  
    pride,  
When I turned and that hero of battle I spied.

I shall never forget the hot flushes of shame  
That rushed to my cheeks as that young fellow  
    came.  
He was cheerful and smiling and clear-eyed and  
    fine  
And out of his face golden light seemed to shine.  
And I thought as he passed me on crutches:  
    " How small  
Are the gifts that I make if I don't give my all."

Some day in the future in many a place  
More soldiers just like him we'll all have to face.  
We must sit with them, talk with them, laugh  
    with them, too,  
With the signs of their service forever in view  
And this was my thought as I looked at him  
    then —  
Oh, God! make me worthy to stand with such  
    men.

## *The Friendly Greeting*

Oh, we have friends in England, and we have  
friends in France,  
And should we have to travel there through some  
strange circumstance,  
Undaunted we should sail away, and gladly  
should we go,  
Because awaiting us would be somebody that we  
know.

Full many a journey here we make where count-  
less strangers roam,  
Yet everywhere our faces turn we find a friend  
from home.  
Oh, we have friends in distant towns, and friends  
'neath foreign skies,  
And yet we think of him as lost whene'er a loved  
one dies.

Yet he has merely traveled on, as many a friend  
must do;  
Within a distant city fair he waits for me and  
you,  
And when shall come our time to make that jour-  
ney through the gloam,  
To welcome us he will be there, the smiling friend  
from home.

## *We Need a Few More Optimists*

We need a few more optimists,  
The kind that double up their fists  
And set their jaws, determined-like,  
A blow at infamy to strike.  
Not smiling men, who drift along  
And compromise with every wrong;  
Not grinning optimists who cry  
That right was never born to die,  
But optimists who'll fight to give  
The truth an honest chance to live.

We need a few more optimists  
For places in our fighting lists,  
The kind of hopeful men who make  
Real sacrifice for freedom's sake;  
The optimist, with purpose strong,  
Who stands to battle every wrong,  
Takes off his coat, and buckles in  
The better joys of earth to win!  
The optimist who worries lest  
The vile should overthrow the best.

We need a few more optimists,  
The brave of heart that long resists  
The force of Hate and Greed and lust  
And keeps in God and man his trust,

Believing, as he makes his fight  
That everything will end all right —  
Yet through the dreary days and nights  
Unfalteringly serves and fights,  
And helps to gain the joys which he  
Believes are some day sure to be.

We need a few more optimists  
Of iron hearts and sturdy wrists;  
Not optimists who smugly smile  
And preach that in a little while  
The clouds will fade before the sun,  
But cheerful men who'll bear a gun,  
And hopeful men, of courage stout,  
Who'll see disaster round about  
And yet will keep their faith, and fight,  
And gain the victory for right.



## *Taking His Place*

He's doing double duty now ;  
Time's silver gleams upon his brow,  
And there are lines upon his face  
Which only passing years can trace.  
And yet he's turned back many a page  
Long written in the book of age,  
For since their boy has marched away,  
This kindly father, growing gray,  
Is doing for the mother true  
The many things the boy would do.

Just as the son came home each night  
With youthful step and eyes alight,  
So he returns, and with a shout  
Of greeting puts her grief to rout.  
He says that she shall never miss  
The pleasure of that evening kiss,  
And with strong arms and manner brave  
He simulates the hug *he* gave,  
And loves her, when the day is done,  
Both as a husband and a son.

His laugh has caught a clearer ring ;  
His step has claimed the old-time swing,  
And though *his* absence hurts him, too,  
The bravest thing that he can do

Is just to try to take *his* place  
And keep the smiles on mother's face.  
So, merrily he jests at night —  
Tells her with all a boy's delight  
Of what has happened in the town,  
And thus keeps melancholy down.

Her letters breathe of hope and cheer;  
No note of gloom she sends from here,  
And as her husband reads at night  
The many messages she writes,  
He chuckles o'er the closing line.  
She's failed his secret to divine —  
“When you get home,” she tells the lad,  
“You'll scarcely know your doting dad;  
Although his hair is turning gray,  
He seems more like a boy each day.”

## *Christmas, 1918*

They give their all, this Christmastide, that peace  
on earth shall reign;  
Upon the snows of Flanders now, brave blood  
has left its stain;  
With ribbons red we deck our gifts; theirs bear  
the red of pain.

They give their lives that joy shall live and little  
children play;  
They pass that all that makes for peace shall not  
be swept away;  
They die that children yet unborn shall have their  
Christmas Day.

Come! deck the home with holly wreaths and  
make this Christmas glow,  
And let Old Glory wave above the bough of  
mistletoe!  
Come! keep alive the faith of them who sleep  
'neath Flanders snow.

Ye brave of heart who dwell at home, make  
merry now a-while;  
The world has need of Christmas cheer its sor-  
rows to beguile;  
And blest is he whose love can light grief's cor-  
ners with a smile.

Ring out once more, sweet Christmas bells, your  
message to the sky,  
Proclaim in golden tones again to every passer-  
by  
That peace shall rule the lands of earth, and only  
war shall die.

Let love's sweet tenderness relieve war's cruel  
crimson clutch,  
Send forth the Christmas spirit, every troubled  
heart to touch;  
Blest will be all we do for them who do for us  
so much.

## *The New Year*

Come you with dangers to fright us? or hazards  
to try out our souls?

Then may you find us undaunted; determined to  
get to our goals.

Now, white are the pages you bring us to fill  
with the tales of our deeds,

And I pray we shall square at the finish the work  
of our lives with our creeds.

Oh, child of a year, do you wonder what here  
upon earth you shall find?

America shows you a people united in purpose  
and mind;

Whatever you bring us of danger, whatever you  
hold to affright,

I pray that we never shall lower our standards  
of truth and of right.

You find us a people united, full pledged to the  
work of the world,

To banish the despot and tyrant, our banner in  
battle's unfurled;

And here to a world that is bleeding and weary  
and heartsick you come,

Whatever you've brought us of duty — we'll  
answer the call of your drum.

We may weep in our grief and our sorrows, we  
    may bend 'neath the might of the blow,  
But never our courage shall falter, and never  
    we'll run from the foe.  
We know not how troubled our pathways shall  
    be nor how sorely beset,  
But I pray we shall cling to our honor as men  
    and never our purpose forget.

### *Our Duty to Our Flag*

Less hate and greed  
Is what we need  
And more of service true;  
More men to love  
The flag above  
And keep it first in view.

Less boast and brag  
About the flag,  
More faith in what it means;  
More heads erect,  
More self-respect,  
Less talk of war machines.

The time to fight  
To keep it bright  
Is not along the way,

Nor 'cross the foam,  
But here at home  
Within ourselves — today.

'Tis we must love  
That flag above  
With all our might and main;  
For from our hands —  
Not distant lands —  
Shall come dishonor's stain.

If that flag be  
Dishonored, we  
Have done it — not the foe;  
If it shall fall,  
We, first of all,  
Shall have to strike the blow.

### *The Unsettled Scores*

The men are talking peace at 'ome, but 'ere  
we're talking fight,  
There's many a little debt we've got to square;  
A sniper sent a bullet through my bunkie's 'ead  
last night,  
And 'is body's lying somewhere h'over there.

Oh, we 'ear a lot of rumors that the war is  
h'almost through

But Hi'm thinking that it's only arf begun;  
Every soldier in the trenches has a little debt  
that's due

And Hi'm telling you it's not a money one.

We 'ave 'eard the bullets whistle and we've 'eard  
the shrapnel sing

And we've listened to a dying comrade's pleas,  
And we've 'eard about the comfort that the days  
of peace will bring,

But we've debts that can't be settled h'over  
seas.

They that 'aven't slept in trenches, 'aven't  
brothered with the worms,

'Aven't 'ad a bunkie slaughtered at their side,  
May some day get together and arrange some  
sort of terms,

But it isn't likely we'll be satisfied.

There are debts we want to settle, 'and to 'and,  
and face to face,

There are one or two Hi've promised that  
Hi'd square;

And Hi cannot 'old my 'ead up, 'ere or in the  
other place,

Till Hi've settled for my bunkie, lying there.



## *Warriors*

We all are warriors with sin. Crusading knights,  
we come to earth  
With spotless plumes and shining shields to joust  
with foes and prove our worth.  
The world is but a battlefield where strong and  
weak men fill the lists,  
And some make war with humble prayers, and  
some with swords and some with fists.  
And some for pleasure or for peace forsake their  
purposes and goals  
And barter for the scarlet joys of ease and pomp,  
their knightly souls.

We're all enlisted soldiers here, in service for  
the term called life  
And each of us in some grim way must bear his  
portion of the strife.  
Temptations everywhere assail. Men do not rise  
by fearing sin,  
Nor he who keeps within his tent, unharmed,  
unscratched, the crown shall win.  
When wrongs are trampling mortals down and  
rank injustice stalks about,  
Real manhood to the battle flies, and dies or puts  
the foes to rout.

'Tis not the new and shining blade that marks  
the soldier of the field,

His glory is his broken sword, his pride the  
scars upon his shield;  
The crimson stains that sin has left upon his  
soul are tongues that speak  
The victory of new found strength by one who  
yesterday was weak.  
And meaningless the spotless plume, the shining  
blade that goes through life  
And quits this flaming battlefield without one  
evidence of strife.

We all are warriors with sin, we all are knights  
in life's crusades,  
And with some form of tyranny, we're sent to  
earth to measure blades.  
The courage of the soul must gleam in conflict  
with some fearful foe,  
No man was ever born to life its luxuries alone  
to know.  
And he who brothers with a sin to keep his out-  
ward garb unsoiled  
And fears to battle with a wrong, shall find his  
soul decayed and spoiled.

## *Easy Service*

When an empty sleeve or a sightless eye  
Or a legless form I see,  
I breathe my thanks to my God on High  
For His watchful care o'er me.  
And I say to myself, as the cripple goes  
Half stumbling on his way:  
I may brag and boast, but that brother know  
Why the old flag floats to-day.

I think as I sit in my cozy den  
Puffing one of my many pipes  
That I've served with all of my fellow men  
The glorious Stars and Stripes.  
Then I see a troop in the faded blue  
And a few in the dusty gray,  
And I have to laugh at the deeds I do  
For the flag that floats to-day.

I see men tangled in pointed wire,  
The sport of the blazing sun,  
Mangled and maimed by a leaden fire  
As the tides of battle run,  
And I fancy I hear their piteous calls  
For merciful death, and then  
The cannons cease and the darkness falls,  
And those fluttering things are men.

Out there in the night they beg for death,  
Yet the Reaper spurns their cries,  
And it seems his jest to leave them breath  
For their pitiful pleas and sighs.  
And I am here in my cozy room  
In touch with the joys of life,  
I am miles away from the fields of doom  
And the gory scenes of strife.

I never have vainly called for aid,  
Nor suffered real pangs of thirst,  
I have marched with life in its best parade  
And never have seen its worst.  
In the flowers of ease I have ever basked,  
And I think as the Flag I see  
How much of service from some it's asked,  
How little of toil from me.

## *A Father's Thoughts*

Because I am his father, they  
Expect me to put grief away;  
Because I am a man, and rough  
And sometimes short of speech and gruff,  
The women folks at home believe  
His absence doesn't make me grieve;  
But how I felt, they little know,  
The day I smiled and let him go.

They little know the dreams I had  
Long cherished for my sturdy lad;  
They little guess the wrench it meant  
That day when off to war he went;  
They little know the tears I checked  
While standing, smiling and erect;  
They never heard my smothered sigh  
When it was time to say good-bye.

“What does his father think and say?”  
The neighbors ask from day to day.  
“Oh, he's a man,” they answer then.  
“And you know how it is with men.  
But little do they ever say,  
They do not feel the self-same way;  
He seems indifferent and grim  
And yet he's very proud of him.”

Indifferent and grim! Oh, heart,  
Be brave enough to play the part,  
Let not the grief in you be shown,  
Keep all your loneliness unknown,  
To you the women folks must turn  
For comfort when their sorrows burn.  
You must not at this time reveal  
The pain and anguish that you feel.

Oh, tongue, be silent through the years,  
And eyes, keep back always the tears,  
And let them never see or know  
My hidden weight of grief and woe.  
Though every golden dream I had  
Was centered in my little lad,  
Alone my sorrow I must bear.  
They must not know how much I care.

Though women folks may talk and weep,  
A man, unseen, his grief must keep,  
And hide behind his smile and pride  
The loneliness that dwells inside.  
And so, from day to day, I go,  
Playing the part of man, although  
Beneath the rough outside and grim,  
I think and dream and pray for him.

## *The Waiter at the Camp*

The officers' friend is the waiter at camp.  
In the night air 'twas cold and was bitterly  
    damp,  
And they asked me to dine, which I readily did,  
For at dining I've talents I never keep hid.  
Then a bright-eyed young fellow came in with  
    the meat,  
And straightway the troop of us started to eat.

I silently noticed that young fellow wait  
At each officer's side 'til he'd filled up his plate;  
I was startled a bit at the very first look  
By the size of the helping each officer took,  
And I thought as I sat there among them that  
    night  
Of the army's effect on a man's appetite.

The waiter at last brought the platter to me  
And modestly proper I started to be.  
A small piece of meat then I gracefully took;  
- The young fellow stood there and gave me a look.  
"Better get all you want," he remarked to me  
    then,  
"I pass this way once, but I don't come again."

I turned in amazement. He nodded his head  
In a way that convinced me he meant what he  
    said.

I knew from his manner and smile on his lip  
That the rule in the army is "no second trip."  
And I thought as he left me my food to attack,  
Life gives us one chance, but it never comes back.

### *Comrades All*

They'll bring us back the tender things they  
found on English lanes;  
They'll weave into the songs they sing some  
sweet, old English strains.  
Though England once seemed far away, and  
strange was Scotland's heather,  
We're one in hope and purpose now; our boys  
have marched together.

They'll catch a little of the mirth that lights the  
eyes of France;  
They'll learn from them the love of life, the  
splendor of romance.  
They've crossed the sea to live with them through  
every sort of weather,  
And France and we shall comrades be! Our  
boys have marched together.

Now England shall not be the same, nor France  
the France of old;



Our children shall have left with them more  
precious gifts than gold.  
They'll know us as we really are, when war lets  
go its tether.  
The parent lands shall find their boys have  
brought them all together.

Just as the little ones at home come romping  
from the street,  
To tell about the parents of the children that  
they meet,  
So they will come and they will go, when finished  
are their labors,  
And we shall love and they shall love, and all  
the lands be neighbors.

### *A Christmas Greeting*

Here's to you, little mother,  
With your boy so far away;  
May the joy of service smother  
All your grief this Christmas day;  
May the magic of his splendor  
Thrill your spirit through and through  
And may all that's fine and tender  
Make a smiling day for you.

May you never know the sadness  
That from day to day you dread;  
May you never find but gladness  
In the Flag that's overhead;  
May the good God watch above him  
As he stands to duty stern,  
And at last to all who love him  
May he have a safe return.

Little mother, take the blessing  
Of a grateful nation's heart;  
May the news that is distressing  
Never cause your tears to start;  
May there be no fears to haunt you,  
And no lonely hours and sad;  
May your trials never daunt you,  
But may every day be glad.

Little Mother, could I do it,  
This my Christmas gift would be:  
That he'd safely battle through it,  
This to you I'd guarantee.  
And I'd pledge to you this morning  
Joys to banish all your cares,  
Gifts of gold and silver scorning,  
I would answer all your prayers.

## *Ideals*

Better than land or gold or trade  
Are a high ideal and a purpose true;  
Better than all of the wealth we've made  
Is the work for others that now we do.  
For Rome grew rich and she turned to song  
And danced to music and drank her wine,  
But she sapped the strength of her fibres strong  
And a gilded shroud was her splendor fine.

The Rome of old with its wealth and wine  
Was the handiwork of a sturdy race;  
They builded well and they made it fine  
And they dreamed of it as their children's  
place.  
They thought the joys they had won to give,  
And which seemed so certain and fixed and  
sure,  
To the end of time in the world would live  
And the Rome they'd fashioned would long  
endure.

They passed to their children the hoarded gold,  
Their marble halls and their fertile fields!  
But not the spirit of Rome of old,  
Nor the Roman courage that never yields.

They left them the wealth that their hands had  
won,  
But they failed to leave them a purpose true.  
They left them thinking life's work all done,  
And Rome went down and was lost to view.

We must guard ourselves lest we follow Rome.  
We must leave our children the finer things.  
We must teach them love of the spot called  
home  
And the lasting joy that a purpose brings.  
For vain are our Flag and our battles won,  
And vain are our lands and our stores of gold,  
If our children feel that life's work is done.  
We must give them a high ideal to hold.

## *Rebellion*

“ My Crown Prince was fine and fair,” a sorrowful father said,

“ But he marched away with his regiment and they tell me that he’s dead!

‘ We all must go,’ he whispered low, ‘ We must fight for the Fatherland.’

Now the heart of me’s torn with the grief I know, and I cannot understand,

For none of the Kaiser’s princes lie out there where my soldier sleeps;

Here’s a land where grief is the common lot, but never the Kaiser weeps.

“ My Crown Prince was a kindly prince, and his eyes were gentle, too,

And glad were the days of his youth to me when his wonderful smile I knew.

Then the Kaiser flattered and spoke him well, and he sent him out to die,

But his Crown Prince hasn’t felt one hurt and the heart of me questions why?

He talks of war in his regal way and he boasts of his strength to strike,

But his boys all live and he doesn’t know what the sting of a bullet’s like.

“ Rebellion gnaws at the soul of me as I think  
of his Crown Prince gay,  
And my Prince cold in the arms of death, and  
harsh are the things I say.  
I join with the grief-torn muttering men who  
challenge the Kaiser’s right  
To build his joys on the graves of ours. We  
shall rise in our wrath to smite!  
And this is the thing we shall ask of him: to  
give us the reason why  
Our boys must fall on his battlefields, but never  
his boys must die? ”

## *Drafted*

The biggest moment in our lives was that when  
    first he cried,  
From that day unto this, for him, we've strug-  
    gled side by side.  
We can recount his daily deeds, and backwards  
    we can look,  
And proudly live again the time when first a  
    step he took.

I see him trudging off to school, his mother at  
    his side,  
And when she left him there alone she hurried  
    home and cried.  
And then the sturdy chap of eight that was, I  
    proudly see,  
Who packed a little grip and took a fishing trip  
    with me.

Among the lists of boys to go his name has now  
    appeared;  
To us has come the sacrifice that mothers all have  
    feared;  
And though we dread the parting hour when he  
    shall march away,  
We love him and the Flag too much to ask of  
    him to stay.

His baby ways shall march with him, and every  
joy we've had,  
Somewhere in France some day shall be a little  
brown-eyed lad;  
A toddler and a child at school, the chum that  
once I knew  
Shall wear our country's uniform, for they've  
been drafted, too.

### *Reflection*

You have given me riches and ease,  
You have given me joys through the years,  
I have sat in the shade of your trees,  
With the song of your birds in my ears.  
I have drunk of your bountiful wine  
And done as I've chosen to do,  
But, oh wonderful country of mine,  
How little have I done for you!

You have given me safe harbor from harm,  
Untroubled I've slept through the nights  
And have waked to the new morning's charm  
And claimed as my own its delights.  
I have taken the finest of fine  
From your orchards and fields where it grew,



But, oh wonderful country of mine,  
How little I've given to you!

You have given me a home and a place  
Where in safety my babies may play;  
Health blooms on each bright dimpled face  
And laughter is theirs every day.  
You have guarded from danger the shrine  
Where I worship when toiling is through,  
But, oh wonderful country of mine,  
How little have I done for you!

I have taken your gifts without thought,  
I have reveled in joys that you gave,  
That I see now with blood had been bought,  
The blood of your earlier braves.  
I have lived without making one sign  
That the source of my riches I knew,  
Now, oh wonderful country of mine,  
I'm here to do something for you!

## *A Wish*

God grant my children may  
Not think in terms of gold  
When I have passed away  
And my poor form is cold.  
When I no more shall be,  
If of me they would brag,  
I'd have them speak of me  
As one who loved the Flag.

God grant my children may  
Not speak of me as one  
Who trod a selfish way,  
When I am dead and gone.  
When they recall my name  
I'd have them tell that I  
Held dear my Country's fame  
And kept her standards high.

Not for the things I gave  
Would I be counted kind;  
When I am in my grave,  
If they my worth would find,  
I'd have them read it there  
In red and white and blue  
And stars of radiance rare!  
And say that I was true.

## *Living*

If through the years we're not to do  
    Much finer deeds than we have done;  
If we must merely wander through  
    Time's garden, idling in the sun;  
If there is nothing big ahead,  
Why do we fear to join the dead?

Unless to-morrow means that we  
    Shall do some needed service here;  
That tasks are waiting you and me  
    That will be lost, save we appear;  
Then why this dreadful thought of sorrow  
That we may never see to-morrow?

If all our finest deeds are done,  
    And all our splendor's in the past;  
If there's no battle to be won,  
    What matter if today's our last?  
Is life so sweet that we would live  
Though nothing back to life we give?

Not to have lived through seventy years  
    Is greatness. Fitter to be sung  
In poet's praises and in cheers  
    Is he who dies in action, young;  
Who ventures all for one great deed  
And gives his life to serve life's need.

## *Life's Slacker*

The saddest sort of death to die  
    Would be to quit the game called life  
And know, beneath the gentle sky,  
    You'd lived a slacker in the strife.  
That nothing men on earth would find  
    To mark the spot that you had filled;  
That you must go and leave behind  
    No patch of soil your hands had tilled.

I know no greater shame than this:  
    To feel that yours were empty years;  
That after death no man would miss  
    Your presence in this vale of tears;  
That you had breathed the fragrant air  
    And sat by kindly fires that burn,  
And in earth's riches had a share  
    But gave no labor in return.

Yet some men die this way, nor care:  
    They enter and they leave life's door  
And at the end, their record's bare —  
    The world's no better than before.  
A few false tears are shed, and then,  
    In busy service, they're forgot.  
We have no time to mourn for men  
    Who lived on earth but served it not.

A man in perfect peace to die  
Must leave some mark of toil behind,  
Some building towering to the sky,  
Some symbol that his heart was kind,  
Some roadway where strange feet may tread  
That out of gratitude he made;  
He cannot bravely look ahead  
Unless his debt to life is paid.

### *The Proof of Worth*

Though victory's proof of the skill you possess,  
Defeat is the proof of your grit;  
A weakling can smile in his days of success,  
But at trouble's first sign he will quit.  
So the test of the heart and the test of your pluck  
Isn't skies that are sunny and fair,  
But how do you stand to the blow that is struck  
And how do you battle despair?

A fool can seem wise when the pathway is clear  
And it's easy to see the way out,  
But the test of man's judgment is something to  
fear,  
And what does he do when in doubt?  
And the proof of his faith is the courage he shows  
When sorrows lie deep in his breast;

It's the way that he suffers the griefs that he  
knows

That brings out his worst or his best.

The test of a man is how much he will bear

For a cause which he knows to be right,

How long will he stand in the depths of despair,

How much will he suffer and fight?

There are many to serve when the victory's near

And few are the hurts to be borne,

But it calls for a leader of courage to cheer

The men in a battle forlorn.

It's the way you hold out against odds that are  
great

That proves what your courage is worth,

It's the way that you stand to the bruises of fate

That shows up your stature and girth.

And victory's nothing but proof of your skill,

Veneered with a glory that's thin,

Unless it is proof of unfaltering will,

And unless you have suffered to win.

## *I Follow a Famous Father*

I follow a famous father,  
His honor is mine to wear;  
He gave me a name that was free from shame,  
A name he was proud to bear.  
He lived in the morning sunlight,  
And marched in the ranks of right.  
He was always true to the best he knew  
And the shield that he wore was bright.

I follow a famous father,  
And never a day goes by  
But I feel that he looks down to me  
To carry his standard high.  
He stood to the sternest trials  
As only a brave man can;  
Though the way be long, I must never wrong  
The name of so good a man.

I follow a famous father,  
Not known to the printed page,  
Nor written down in the world's renown  
As a prince of his little age.  
But never a stain attached to him  
And never he stooped to shame;  
He was bold and brave and to me he gave  
The pride of an honest name.

I follow a famous father,  
And him I must keep in mind;  
Though his form is gone, I must carry on  
The name that he left behind.  
It was mine on the day he gave it,  
It shone as a monarch's crown,  
And as fair to see as it came to me  
It must be when I pass it down.



## *The Important Thing*

He was playing in the garden when we called  
him in for tea,

But he didn't seem to hear us, so I went out there  
to see

What the little rogue was up to, and I stooped  
and asked him why,

When he heard his mother calling, he had made  
her no reply.

"I am playing war," he told me, "and I'm up  
against defeat,

And until I stop the Germans I can't take the  
time to eat."

"Isn't supper so important that you'll quit your  
round of play?

Don't you want to eat the shortcake mother made  
for you to-day?"

Then I asked him, but he answered as he shook  
his little head:

"I don't dare to stop for shortcake, if I do  
they'll kill me dead!

When I drive them from their trenches, then to  
supper I'll come in,

But I mustn't stop a minute, 'cause this war I've  
got to win."

I left him in his battle, left him there to end his  
play,

For he'd taught to me a lesson that is needed  
much to-day;  
Not the lure of cake could turn him from the  
work he had to do;  
There was nothing so important as to see his  
struggle through.  
And I wondered all that evening, as he slum-  
bered in his bed  
If we'd risen to the meaning of the work that  
lies ahead?

Are we roused to the importance of the danger  
in our way?  
Are we thinking still of pleasures as we thought  
but yesterday?  
Are our comforts and our riches in our minds  
still uppermost?  
Must we wait, to see our danger, till the foe is  
on our coast?  
Oh, there's nothing so important, nothing now  
that's worth a pin  
Save the war that we are fighting. It's a war  
we've got to win.

## *What He Learned*

“I learned this over there,” said a soldier lad  
to me,

“That the general and the private are as like  
as they can be;

And though one is giving orders and the other  
one obeys,

There'd be no such thing as freedom if they  
pulled in separate ways.

The thing that counts in battle is a centralized  
control,

With everybody in it set to reach a common goal.

“The general wasn't fighting just because he  
loved to fight;

He'd the everlasting notion that his country's  
cause was right.

The Flag that waved above us meant as much  
to him as me,

And the thing that he was after wasn't fame,  
but victory.

And I came to understand it, that beneath the  
shoulder straps

And the markings on the tunic, we were ordinary  
chaps.

“He was thinking of his children in the way I  
thought of mine;

He was wondering where men went when death  
took them from the line.

Oh, I don't know how to tell it, but down under-  
neath the skin

We were all alike in Flanders, with a common  
goal to win.

And we just forgot our notions and separate  
ranks and creeds

And worked and pulled together, and that's all  
a nation needs.

"I learned this over there," said a soldier lad  
to me,

"That the general and the private are as like as  
they can be,

And when people come to know it — when they  
learn that every man

Wants to win his way to Heaven and to do the  
best he can —

They'll just work and pull together for the glory  
of the soul,

And be one united army marching toward a  
common goal."

## *Constant Beauty*

It's good to have the trees again, the singing of  
the breeze again,

It's good to see the lilacs bloom as lovely as  
of old.

It's good that we can feel again, the touch of  
beauties real again,

For hearts and minds, of sorrow now, have  
all that they can hold.

The roses haven't changed a bit, nor have the  
peonies stranged a bit,

They bud and bloom the way they did before  
the war began.

The world is upside down to-day, there's much  
to make us frown to-day

And gloom and sadness everywhere beset the  
path of man.

But now the lilacs bloom again and give us their  
perfume again

And now the roses smile at us and nod along  
the way;

And it is good to see again the blossoms on each  
tree again

And feel that nature hasn't changed the way we  
have to-day.

Oh, we have changed from what we were, we're  
not the carefree lot we were,  
Our hearts are filled with sorrow now and  
grave concern and pain,  
But it is good to see once more the budding  
lilac tree once more,  
And find the constant roses here to comfort  
us again.

## *When the Drums Shall Cease to Beat*

When will the laughter ring again in the way that  
it used to do?

Not till the soldiers come home again, not till  
the war is through.

When will the holly gleam again and the Christ-  
mas candles burn?

Not till the swords are sheathed once more and  
the brave of our land return.

When will happy hearts meet again in the lights  
of the Christmas tree?

Not till the cannons cease their roar and the  
sailors come from sea.

When shall we sing as we used to do and dance  
in the old-time way?

Not till the soldiers come home again and the  
bugles cease to play.

Oh, dull is the red of the holly now and faintly  
the candles burn;

And we long for the smile of the missing face  
and the absent one's return.

We long for the laughter we used to know and  
the love that made giving sweet,

But we must wait for the joys of old till the  
drums shall cease to beat.

We shall laugh once more as we used to do, and  
    dance in the old-time way,  
For this is the pledge they have made to us who  
    serve in the war today ;  
And the joys of home that we treasure so are  
    the joys that their lives defend,  
And they shall give us our Christmas time as  
    soon as the war shall end.



## *Prophecy*

We shall thank our God for graces  
That we've never known before;  
We shall look on manlier faces  
When our troubled days are o'er.  
We shall rise a better nation  
From the battle's grief and grime,  
And shall win our soul's salvation  
In this bitter trial time.  
And the old Flag waving o'er us  
In the dancing morning sun  
Will be daily singing for us  
Of a splendor new begun.

When the rifles cease to rattle  
And the cannon cease to roar,  
When is passed the smoke of battle  
And the death lists are no more,  
With a yet undreamed of beauty  
As a people we shall rise,  
And a love of right and duty  
Shall be gleaming in our eyes.  
As a country, tried by sorrow,  
With a heritage of worth,  
We shall stand in that to-morrow  
With the leaders of the earth.

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